The Sign

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Editor's page

The Parlor Game of Genocide

THE United States can be destroyed in any number of ways. By spying out nuclear secrets for some well-heeled embassy aide. By planting fellow travelers in key industrial unions and professorships. Or by a seemingly safe, and unfortunately popular, pastime—developing social tensions in the community and rubbing them raw.

An American Negro may live in a ghetto and pay "Park Ave." rates. But he will probably hope for the best and fight as hard for his country as anybody else. Don't sneer at him, though. Don't yell "Kill the nigger," at the local bar, as you sip a beer and watch a TV fight. That could make him lose interest in the country which guarantees you this freedom and leaves him no equality but to sneer back and call you names in return.

A Jew may climb into a top-bracket spot in medicine or law. But that will not make him feel he has much of a stake in the country if he is slyly chased out of certain clubs or casually overhears certain wisecracks.

Every nation is a team. National defense must be built on team play, which in turn depends on morale. A team that is riddled by dissension hasn't a chance. Second-raters have won from champions on sheer spirit. Champions have fallen because they lacked heart.

This is not some professor's theory, dreamed up behind an insulation of book stacks and aseptic philosophy. It is the lesson of history—recent history.

Because the population hated life under Red commissars, the resistance of Western Russia folded like wet cardboard before the armies of Hitler, in 1941. But that resistance stiffened to stop and defeat Hitler when he disappointed Russian hopes of deliverance and began to act worse than their own bosses.

Germans lost interest in World War I when Woodrow Wilson promised an honorable peace which he eventually was unable to deliver. Those same Germans fought through the worst bombings in history, in World War II, when they faced a stupid Allied program of unconditional surrender and insolent revenge.

Discourtesy rates first place as a breeder of social apathy. Don't deride a citizen and expect him to fight for you. He will find a thousand ways of lying down on the job and of contributing no more effort than just enough to kid you that he is trying.

This means that the most expensive luxury in our luxurious country is not drink, nor entertainment, nor the endless array of electronic gadgets. It is minority-baiting, the game of ganging up on others which dumps the strength of the nation—the spirit of its citizens—down the drain.

Minority-baiting can leave every man intact and still cut our manpower in half. As a result of it, 160,000,000 people can have 160,000,000 stomachs and only 80,000,000 hearts.

Catholics, for instance, have fought Communism all over the world, while in many cases other religious groups have surrendered to it and gone to work with it. Certain American clergymen have twisted this record and maligned us for it. They have smeared heroes like Stepinac and Mindszenty and have fingered us as a greater menace than Communism. They have joined with the enemies of God wherever they thought the coalition would hurt us. They have stolen time from the worship and the word of God to stalk the Church with the weapons of campaign politics and propaganda warfare.

WHAT do they expect from this? That it will increase our love of the country which they presume to represent as its ideal citizens? Things don't work out that way. Neither with Catholics, Jews, Negroes, nor any other slice of the American public.

America's greatest enemy is not the Soviet. Our greatest enemy is the American citizen who indulges in the luxury of needling his neighbor. He doesn't *kill* Americans. He lets them all live—160,000,000 of them. But he kills their spirit. When the spirit of the citizen dies, the nation dies.

And, as we were saying, it is an expensive luxury to kill a nation.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.

Current Fact and Comment

EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT

Members of the Polish-American Congress carry cards in front of the U. N. They stress an important point: The Red traitors at U. N. do not represent the Polish nation.

United Press photos

While the Church complains of increased pressure from the Red Dictator Tito, the U. S. is sending help to him in form of latest jets. Have we no concern for religion?

DURING Tito's visit to Britain, you were probably thinking the same thoughts as we. Thoughts like these: How wise was the Government in inviting him? The invitation wasn't a precept of rigid diplomatic etiquette, like the protocol for seating envoys at the Coronation in June. Omitting it would have implied no discourtesy. Many national leaders—respectable ones—have failed to make the invited-guest list at Buckingham Palace. And they don't feel slighted.

The Importance of Being Tito

It wasn't the kind of diplomatic gesture which the world expects. Consequently, its omission would not have been interpreted as a snub to the Yugoslav marshal and a cue for international snickering and rib-digging.

In fact, the invitation was so far out of the common run of international cordiality that it rated as an act of special honor. It singled out Tito as a particularly deserving character.

Whatever its logic may have been in bending over so far backward to please Tito, the British Government was bending over just as far backward to offend Englishmen. Not only Catholics, whose arch-enemy and persecutor was being feted as a man of distinction. But everybody who is interested in even common-denominator morality.

Actually, Tito was indifferently welcomed by the British. He was applauded by some. He was booed by some.

Not having the feel of the British political pulse, an outsider might be excused for wondering which side the Government is on. Tito's, who represents all that is worst in dictators. Or that of the British people who, we know, have democratic tastes. Judging from reported reactions in Britain, there is no doubt whatever about which side the Government was most ready to offend. The question presented to the democratic mind is: how democratic can the Government be which deals so high-handedly with its own people and their opinion of international ethics?

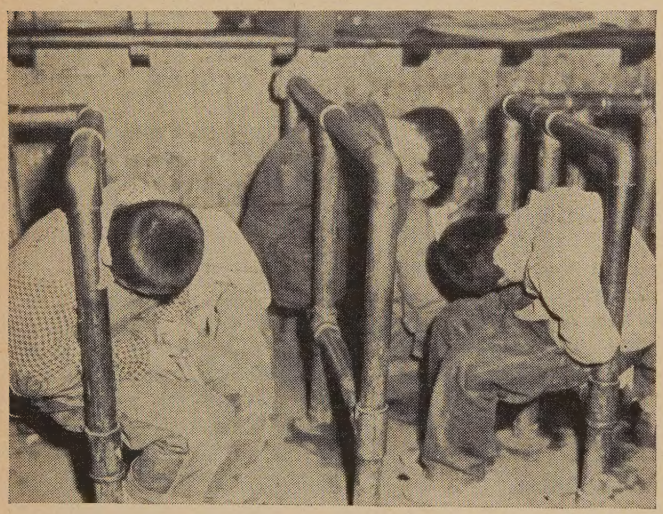
There is the young queen, too, to be considered. She has been rightly featured as all that is queenly, matronly, home-loving, utterly correct. It seemed to us that the good, little lady acquired a publicity taint from the Tito episode. Her proximity as hostess to the monster from Belgrade made her seem somewhat sinister and conspiratorial.

Diplomatic flutters like this may explain the tactical shocks which the Western nations encounter in the U.N. Why will a dozen non-Communist nations abstain from voting on what seems to us the unquestionable cause of offended innocence? Apparently they are reluctant to give us a bill of integrity, doubting that we rate it. They seem to spot the same lack of principle, the same basic amorality, in the West as they see in the Red East.

This dubious flourish of national hospitality toward Tito must not be imputed to the people of Britain. It was a project of the present Government of Britain, a government which, in certain important instances, has disappointed many of the citizens who, with such high hopes, voted it into power. The British people deserve our sympathy.

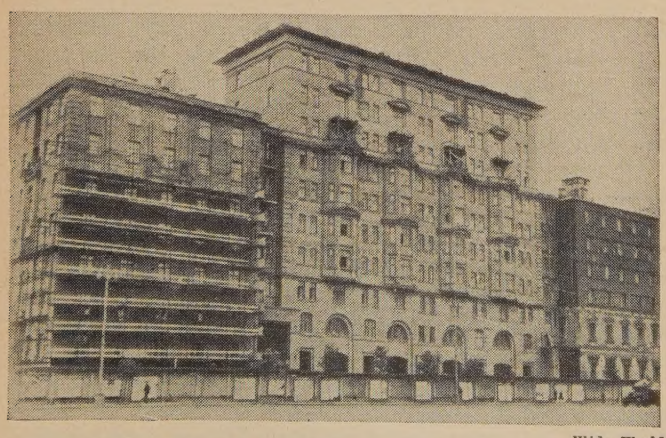
Wide World

In San Francisco, Catholic high school girls launched a campaign for modesty in dress. Above, the model new evening gowns. It's an idea worthy of nation-wide adoption.



United Press

What goes here? Korean children are sleeping on the turnstiles of a railroad station. These homeless children must beg for food. Let's not forget these poor waifs.



Wide World

One thousand Russian workers are busy completing the new U. S. embassy in Moscow. It looks as if we intend to stay. We hope relations will improve in near future.

Perhaps the simplest lesson we can learn from the Tito junket in Britain is to begin right now raising hob about any notion any of our folks may have of copying Britain's role as host to the Yugoslav Premier.

Like the British, Americans deserve better than that. We, however, may be able to *do* more about it than they.

A Sound Farm Program

SECRETARY Benson's call for government withdrawal from price supports was more explosive than the recent atomic demonstrations at Yucca Flats. Government aid to farmers has become one of the more revered traditions of American politics. Yet the whole issue is by no means simple. It is easy to dramatize the evils caused by our present price-support program. One can point to the millions of pounds of butter growing rancid in government storage. Then there was the great potato fiasco of a few years back. We have the spectacle of cotton pricing itself out of the market, while synthetics win the battle for consumer preference. All this seems to back up Benson's plea for a return to the laws of supply and demand.

But the average farmer is not so sure that this is the answer. By tradition he is averse to government controls. Yet he can also remember the last time he was left to sink or swim. The farm depression started in 1920, a full nine years before the general industrial depression. Farmers went bankrupt by the thousands adjusting after the first World War. Not many are anxious for a second round of this treatment.

Farmers argue that wage-earning families are protected by government-fostered unionism. City workers have minimum-wage laws and other types of social legislation. Business men feel sure that government will not leave them to bear the brunt of another depression. What is more, the farmer feels that business is often able to take good care of itself. He notes that farm-equipment prices do not come plunging down at first sign of a declining market. The factories maintain prices and merely produce fewer machines.

When the farmer seeks organization to plan production and stabilize income, he does not feel that he is asking special favors. He is seeking the same treatment accorded to other economic groups. To him a government production and marketing program differs little from a trade union's program of collective bargaining. Federal efforts to stabilize prices are about the same as industry's program of holding prices in the face of declining markets. The only difference is that the government is the main organizing factor in farm programs.

It might be better for farmers to organize themselves. But the practical difficulties of such an approach are enormous. Five million farmers producing on an individual basis are not easily organized. They cannot be compared with union members, who are grouped into large units by the very nature of industrial production. Co-operatives and farm organizations can help to a limited degree. But only the government can plan and enforce a program for a crop whose market is national or international.

Thus stated, the farmers' case appears reasonable. We would not want to plunge five million farm families into the uncertainty and destitution of the 1920's. On the other hand, we do not wish to continue production of annual surpluses for the government to purchase and store. Is there any way out of this dilemma?

We think that there can be reasonable price supports for farmers, provided the issue is taken out of politics.

long as politicians promise the farmer even more than he its, the consumer and the taxpayer will foot the bill. price supports do not of necessity lead to annual pluses. The evil is not price supports as such, but only *exible* supports.

A flexible support program would call for decreased ernment aid in the face of surpluses. This would warn mers to shift production into crops which are more in nand. At the same time, it would give them a cushion inst drastic price declines, caused by shifts in supply or nand.

This could be supplemented, for the individual farmer, a good system of crop insurance. This would protect n against disaster on his particular farm, while price pports would bulwark a given crop throughout the ion. The combined programs would take away from ming the element of gambling, which is its greatest gue today. We would thus safeguard a basic economic ource. At the same time we would be supporting the m family, which is considered a citadel of sound conserva- n and of solid family life.

N any battle, both sides understand the purpose of a smoke screen. It is used to hide the truth and to confuse the server. As a result of what was easily the most pornographic trial in U. S. Judiciary history, another smoke screen, high and wide, is being raised under the pretext of the "free press." A lawfully constituted presentative of the people, Judge Francis Valente, cleared wspapermen from the court. The self-constituted repre- ntatives of the people rebelled.

eedom is Liberty ot License

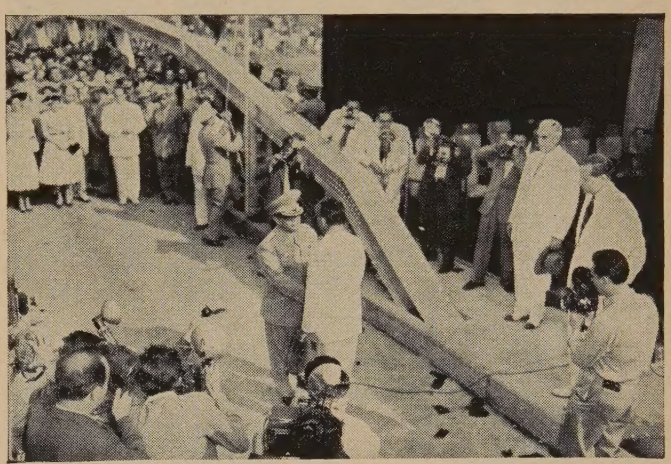
They resorted to intrigue, subterfuge, and intimidation to t sensational aspects of what was going on in the court- om. The facts have been proven according to law. The fendant has been punished according to law. Neither s fault, nor his trial, were kept a secret. But the just clusion of scandalmongers according to the law is being otested. Let us look at the facts. Despite press exclusion ery reader knows the nature and the excesses of the cused. The judge declared that the court was cleared, n the interests of common decency and good public orals." Later, "the protection of our young must transcend urnalistic commercialism."

These are the facts. The first question is: What is eedom of the press? The second: Did Judge Valente t contrary to this fundamental U.S. principle? The third: hat does the press really want?

Regarding the first question: According to the learned urnalist and lawyer, W. G. Hale, in his book, *The Law the Press,* "The constitutional liberty of the press nplies a right to publish whatever the citizen may please nd to be immune from legal censure and punishment for e publication, so long as it is not harmful in its character hen tested by such standards as may be afforded by the ules of common law when the constitutional guarantees ere established." Certainly if decent men and women of is age are opposed to such an exposé, what would the ind of the constitutional Fathers and those of their age be?

Regarding the second question: Judge Valente declared, Freedom of the press must be kept vigorous since it guards l other freedoms. But freedom of the press does not ean license to spread salaciousness. Somewhere the line ust be drawn—and if our press is to remain independent is line ought to be drawn by the press itself in keeping ith the highest principles and traditions of responsible urnalism." This is certainly not the remark of one ying to silence the press. It is rather an act in accordance

Pres. of CIO Maritime Union, Joseph Curran, urges House Labor Committee to legalize Union Hiring Hall. A good idea—it would eliminate the rackets caused by shape-up.



A cheerful scene from South America. President Perez of Venezuela and President Arbelaez of Colombia meet at the border to pledge unified effort to combat Communism.

United Press photos

The map of the Soviet Empire at the death of Stalin. With the brutal Malenkov at the helm, will this Red plague spread across the world? It's the big question of the day.

Wide World

At Church of Transfiguration in Chinatown, N. Y. little Chinese children pray for their brethren under Red domination. The Chinese Missions badly need our prayers.

Devotion in the Service. U. S. Seabees in the Philippines built a chapel in honor of Saint Maria Goretti. One of the men painted the picture of the Saint above the altar.

Harris & Ewing

The President, Mr. Dulles, and French Premier, Rene Mayer. We hope Mr. Mayer's visit brought about understanding on how to deal with Malenkov's peace offers.

with right reason calculated to restrain those unable to restrain themselves.

Regarding the third question: Not the press, but some members of the press, want a right for themselves that no man can have or give, since it is against the natural law set up by the Creator, of catering to the lower passions of men, the stimulation of which constitutes a free occasion of sin.

Citizens therefore should not allow the smoke screen of outraged pressmen to hide the truth. The question is not at all what they pretend it is. Neither should we be confused by patriotic appeals to our emotions and thus open up similar appeals to our passions. The Pure Foods Act does not limit our freedom—rather it protects it. Honest judiciaries like Judge Valente do not withhold freedom, they elevate and succor it. The public and the press alike must learn, not every fact is news, and not all news is fit to print.

THERE are some gift horses that need to be looked in the mouth more than just a little bit. The new peace offensive from Moscow is one such item.

Malenkov's Box Of Bon-Bons

Malenkov is supposed to have been the man behind the "peace" campaigns of the past five years. We recalled that fact last month and warned of a new and vaster propaganda effort to come, now that Malenkov is in top control at the Kremlin.

It wasn't long in coming. The new dictator has dangled before us the bait of a Korean settlement, a German settlement, disarmament, and a little bit of just about everything the world has been yearning for since 1939.

One must admit there has been a whole series of very enticing gestures from Moscow since Stalin's death. Most important of them, of course, to the free nations was the offer of a Korean settlement. Every instinct of decency demands that all paths be tried to end that carnage. Malenkov's approaches must be treated as genuine, unless proven otherwise.

But that doesn't mean America and the West must buy a "package deal." It is not necessary for us to give Europe to the Reds to buy a Korea peace. We must not cut back on North Atlantic defense, while Soviet Russia looms over Western Europe with scores of divisions at war strength. And that is undoubtedly one thing the Kremlin hopes will happen as a result of the "peace" moves.

Note the time at which they come. The European Army treaty was signed last summer but still waits ratification by the six nations involved. U.S. diplomacy may be on the verge of success in overcoming the doubts of the French and some of the other obstacles that have kept the six-nation Army of Europe from becoming a reality. When that happens, it will among other things put German troops as well as German technical skill fully on the side of the North Atlantic defense set-up. There is perhaps nothing Moscow fears more.

So Malenkov would like to encourage France's instinctive fear of German strength. A little peace talk might not be enough. But a lot of it, coupled with some action, might turn the trick for the Communist world.

Almost everyone in the West realizes that the North Atlantic alliance could never have grown so strong so soon, if it had not been for the Russian threat to Europe. Russia's new boss seems to have learned that plain fact of politics. And the meaning of the present peace campaign from Moscow is simply this: It is Russia's best remaining chance to rule the world.

Your First Girl

On all the days of all the years of all time, a man may love all the girls in his house. But Mom, well, Mom's special

by JIM BISHOP

TO me, there has always been something shameful about Mother's Day. Years ago, some man who sold flowers, or candy, or greeting cards, thought up the idea of a special day for her. And it worked. That's what makes me feel ashamed. It worked. We are now privileged to forget mother on 364 days of the year, provided that we remember her on this one day when the businessmen can sell the flowers left over from Easter.

And yet, who am I to complain about the commercialism of this one day in May? Do I phone her every day? No. Do I drop in to see her once a week or more? No. Have I remembered to drop her a three-word note from some far-off place, saying merely: "I love you?" I have not. Then Mother's Day is a good thing for men like me. It remembers for us. But this knowledge does not kill the shame. It will never kill the shame.

See the two pictures on this page? She's my first girl; my best girl. There she is then—and now. Wasn't she a pretty one, though? I mean, honestly now. The round soft face of her; the blue eyes that seldom smiled; the dark red hair that gleamed like shiny copper when the sun hit it. Dad was no fool. He had a good eye. Still, he broke no records. It took him six years of courtship to win her, and the night she permitted him to kiss her his ardor was so great that her back touched the vestibule bell and Grandma pressed the buzzer viciously and yelled: "Jennie, you come right upstairs!" And Mom did. Of course she did.

That's how she looked in those days and the thought occurred to me that maybe these words—and the pictures—would help to bring memories back to you of your own first girl. These words may not appeal to the women, because women feel differently about their mothers. It is a relationship that I do not understand. It is a closeness, a kinship, a woman-to-woman feeling that no man will ever understand. Maybe that's the way it is supposed to be. But the guys—well, I'm in their corner. I understand the dead, dumb feeling of loving her and not being able to say it right. The feeling is always there, and, the more the clock ticks, the deeper the feeling gets and sometimes, when you see her—especially if you haven't seen her in a spell, or if she's been sick and you've been scared—the feeling can choke in your throat. And still the words won't come. Maybe it's beyond words.

That other picture is now. She'll be sixty-nine next month. Mom has learned to smile. Oh, you noticed? The photographer warned her that, if she didn't smile, he wouldn't shoot the picture. At that it isn't easy to smile when you have diabetes, and hardening of the arteries, and heart disease. No, the smiles are a little more expensive now. She won't accept pity. Nor assistance. She hobbles around with a cane, and she washes windows and dishes, and sits at night watching the wrestling on television, and muttering to my father: "Did you see what that big lummox just did? I hope the little fellow kills him."

Bloodthirsty, isn't she? That's her sunset pleasure. Wrestling. She knows every Polish, Italian, and Greek name among the stars, but when she speaks to me, she calls me Johnny or Adele (the other two children) and she calls them Jimmy. Her only other interest in life is that, sometime this year, she will become a great-grandmother. For the first time.

Other than that, she goes to Mass and Holy Communion. Although we are sure that she is in an almost perpetual state of grace, she insists on going to confession regularly. When she's alone, and Dad is out working, she will clean the apartment or sit and say her rosary. That's her life these days.

IT's a long, long way back to 1907, when pretty Jennie Tier drove up to St. Paul's Church in Jersey City, on a gray Winter day, in a funeral coach with a horse, and a driver in a plug hat, to marry John Bishop, the young second-generation Irishman who was soon to be a cop, then a sergeant, then a lieutenant.

Jenny Tier was frightened. From the age of six onward, her mother had prepared her for this day by teaching her to sew, to make dresses, to knit, to crochet, to cook, to dust, to be obedient, to acknowledge the superiority of the man of the house, to be modest, to be pure, to place all of her faith, reserving none, in the Church. Beyond grade school, there was no formal education because her mother didn't believe in it for girls. And beyond the precise

Mom now. (Above) Mom then. Wasn't she pretty?

information that there were such things as babies, her mother told her nothing. Jenny was 23.

There was no honeymoon. She went housekeeping at once, a thing she knew a lot about, directly across the street from her mother. And her mother taught her thrift, extreme thrift, because the old lady had brought up a family on one hundred dollars a month, was not too proud to take in the neighbor's washing, and eventually owned her own house on it. And, when Momma was single, and she worked hard in the wire works in Bayonne, or in the cotton mill where she first met my father, it never came up for discussion about her bringing home every penny in the sealed envelope, and handing it directly to her mother without expecting anything back.

IT wasn't much of an education, was it? Your mother too? I thought so. That's the way they brought them up, whether they were born here or born overseas, and they brought up good girls. Grandma never had to shed a tear because of her girls. Maybe the system was all wrong. But if that system could produce a flawless diamond like Mom, there must have been something very right about it.

Then we came along—me first, then Johnno, then Adele. She carved our characters as neatly as a whittler makes a cross. And we quickly understood these roles. I was to be responsible for the younger two. Never mind what they did, or why they wouldn't mind — I was responsible. Johnno was her puddinhead, a lovable blond kid with big blue innocent eyes whose errors made her laugh and whom she forgave every day in the week. Adele was sheltered, lectured, warned, spanked, kept in, and cried. She was Momma's special province, and I'll bet that many times she wished that she wasn't. She was also somewhat of a squealer. A sort of stool pigeon for the Sisters of Charity at St. Patrick's School. That kid could remember more outrageous libels, perpetrated by the good Sisters, on Johnno and on me, and, by the time she got home, they had been embellished into Wagnerian operas and Momma would listen and then she would grab a broom and chase us through the rooms. After awhile, we learned how to deal with Adele. We bribed her with a promise of a nickel not to tell. She accepted and we, to keep her honest, never paid her.

Mother didn't make namby-pambies of us. If a kid down the block gave you a bloody nose, it was smart not to say anything to her, no matter how big the kid was, because, after you finished telling the story, she'd give you another one. A kid in my class, Donald Gildea, beat me up every afternoon for praetice but I quickly learned that, by not saying a word at home about it, the beating was confined to one a day.

From kindergarten age onward, we had assigned duties. Not just running to the stores. That was taken for granted. Momma had—and has—a mania for cleanliness. One washed the dishes; one dried. One polished the faucets; one dusted the parlor furniture.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bishop, Dad and Mom. Dad had a good eye. But it took him six years of courting

Johnno and I complained that the work was meant for girls, but it did us no good. Momma had a will of iron, and when she told you to do something, you did it at once, and you did it very thoroughly. The reason you did it thoroughly was a system of inspection that occurred immediately after the job was finished. Take dusting, for instance. The inspection consisted of these words: "You finished already? You couldn't have done much dusting" and, with that, she would flick a finger under a table and look at it. Whether you got out to play that day or not depended upon how clean that finger came out.

Looking back, I can see that Mom did not have an easy life. It was a hard life, a working life, from the time she attained consciousness. How she found time to be pretty, I do not know. But I know that, in the old days, my father was very jealous. Once, when he took her out to dinner, he got half way through the entree when he put down his knife and fork, walked over to another table, grabbed a man by the lapel, and told him that if he was caught even looking in my mother's direction once more, Dad would punch his face in. There was no more looking.

Now, all that is gone. All the tears in the world, all the pleas on bended knees, cannot bring it back for a moment. It is all neatly filed away in the minds of Johnno. Adele, and in mine. Puddinhead is 43 and will soon be a grandpa. Adele has been a widow for many years, and has brought up two fine girls by the very thing that made her mother great — plain, hard work. I have two girls, 15 and 9, and they are better daughters than I was a son.

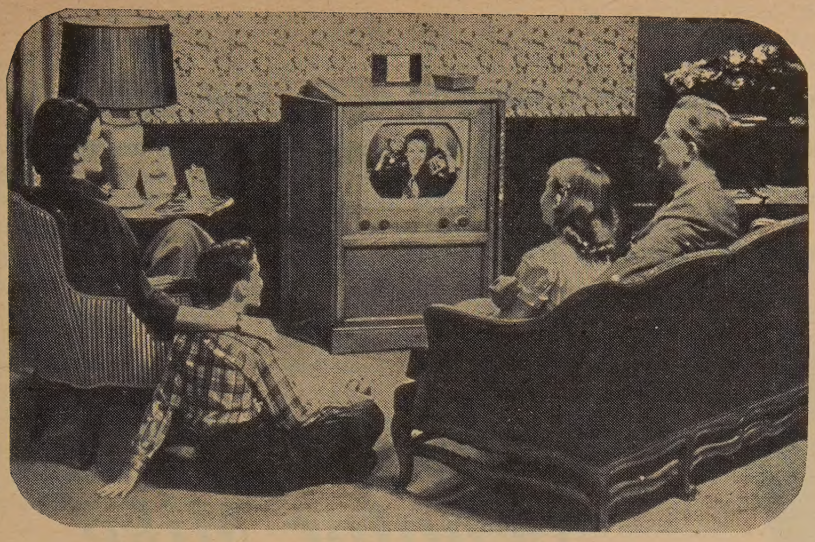
Why don't we go to see them more often? I don't know. By the time I get my gang dressed, and Johnno gets his bunch ready, and Adele and her girls primp, all of us feel old and tired and we sit with Mom and Dad and we talk about matters, and we feel nostalgic and sad, and the younger generation goes off by itself to talk about how old-fashioned and impossible we are, and Mom sits there—always with an eye for little children—and they become her special pets and she loves them to death, and then, before you know it, it's eleven o'clock and there is school tomorrow and everybody kisses them good night and promises to come soon again. At 11:10 p.m., Mom and Dad are alone again.

A LONG, long time ago, Edith Nesbit saw a painting of Our Lady by Bellini, and she wrote this little thing which expresses all that I ever felt about My First Girl:

"Dear Mother, in whose eyes I see
All that I would and cannot be,
Let thy pure light forever shine,
Though dimly, through this life of mine."

That's what I meant to say, Mom. All along. And not on one day of the year. But on all the days of all the years of all time. I love all the girls in my house—but you, you're special. Forever.

JIM BISHOP, author of "The Mark Hellinger Story" and other biographies, was formerly Executive Editor of *Liberty* Magazine.



TV's Temperamental Character

IN another day, another era, everybody talked about the old "Model T" Ford, about how sensitive it was, how nearly human it was, how metaphysics and witchcraft seemed to combine under its fluttery hood.

Now, many of these same people, as well as a great many others, are talking about the new popular phenomenon, which is more testy and crotchety and persnickety than the old "T" ever was.

I refer, of course, to the television receiver.

Practically everything, or so it seems, affects television, causing horizontal and vertical bars, herring-bone patterns, blurs, "snow," flickers, blackouts, and assorted annoying designs to appear where a perfect picture should be.

Even the leaves of trees affect it, believe it or not, because of the signal strength they absorb!

So, if you live in or near an apple orchard or some such and have been getting a weak, washed-out picture, you now know the reason.

If you live in a large city, on the other hand, and get wavy lines on your receiver screen near the end of the week, it will mean generator speed is being changed at the local power plant.

This speed change, I'm told, is a weekly practice in most communities to pinpoint the accuracy of electric clocks, which gain a fraction of a second every few days unless generator speeds are checked periodically.

Interesting?

I think so.

Radar is another and much more annoying hazard to good TV and must be dealt with continually.

Since it might be operating in your neighborhood without your knowledge, it can give that set of yours fits and starts apparently for no reason at all, causing the picture to bounce and often carry a "ghost" or second image.

If this radar is located on a plane, by the by, the exact speed and direction of the craft can be determined by computing this bounce on the screen of your set, but don't ask me how.

Tall buildings are among the commonest causes of "ghost" images and assorted disturbances in big cities, as are large deposits of minerals underneath or near your home.

In this category also go heavy concentrations of metal as in steel mills or railroad stations and yards.

Any or all can prod that television set of yours—as high-strung as a race horse, as temperamental as a prima donna—into tossing a tantrum.

Even a pigeon, innocently coming to rest on a handy antenna while en route from somewhere to Terre Haute, will frequently play unholy commotion with reception.

Excessive dryness of the land, summer heat, thunderstorms, changing weather conditions, mountains, valleys, and large bodies of water—the latter sometimes act to greatly aid reception, too—are further reception hazards that might cause anything from a fading picture to a blackout on your screen.

"Ham" radio and TV operators—a boon to science and the community otherwise—often give trouble to the ordinary viewer by causing herring-bone patterns on the screen.

Electric shavers, vacuum cleaners, and refrigerators, alone of almost all household appliances, occasionally bother both picture and sound and an overloaded electric circuit—you know, too many three-way sockets—can cause a veritable bedlam on the screen, a real Fourth of July-type picture, full of wavy lines, vertical and/or horizontal bars, flashes, jumpy pictures, or a prolonged blackout!

In short, the works.

Television sets also have to breathe and if placed too close to walls or curtains—at least two inches away is a safe distance—they can't and all sorts of things might happen because of the captive heat generated by the tubes on the inside.

Needless to remind, picture tubes are highly delicate instruments, cost a lot of money, and should be handled with care, if at all and should NEVER face the direct rays of the sun.

This can and usually will damage the fluorescent material on the inside facing of the tube (screen) and give the picture a yellowish cast.

In case you're reading this to learn the cause or causes of your own past and present annoyances, you might check a nearby hospital if all else has failed to shed any light on the problem.

The hospital might be working its X-Ray machine overtime or some doctor might be giving diathermy treatments—and you're trying your best to watch Arthur Godfrey!

Then, again, some neighbor, with a beat-up, prewar set, badly in need of repair and adjustment, might be receiving in such a way as to interfere with your shiny, new, high-priced, blonde-wood model.

THE viewer won't be forever at the mercy of each whim and fancy of his television set, of course, and the receivers of the future will not only be foolproof against interference but will pull a picture halfway around the world in the bargain.

Some hint of the hardiness possible to TV, which a bit more experimentation and development will make universal, came to my attention recently.

It seems a man in Massachusetts got so disgusted with the picture quality of his TV receiver he buried the antenna in the backyard.

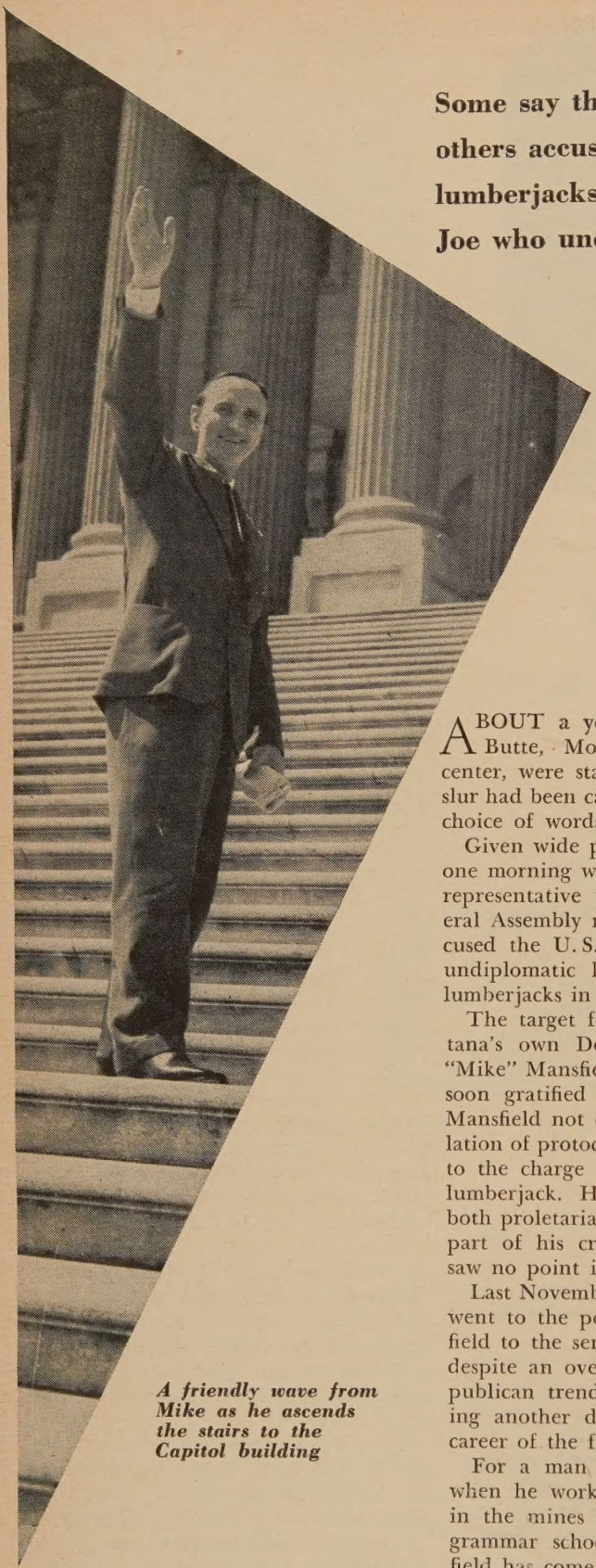
He's been getting excellent reception ever since!

by JOHN LESTER

Some say that Mike would have made a good Jesuit; others accuse him of using the language of miners and lumberjacks in high places. To most, he is a real Joe who understands the score

Montana's Senator Mike

by ***WILLIAM M. HEALY***



A friendly wave from Mike as he ascends the stairs to the Capitol building

ABOUT a year ago, the citizens of Butte, Montana's copper mining center, were startled to discover that a slur had been cast on their favorite son's choice of words.

Given wide play on their front pages one morning was a story that the Soviet representative to the UN's Sixth General Assembly meeting in Paris had accused the U. S. delegate of "using the undiplomatic language of miners and lumberjacks in high places."

The target for this charge was Montana's own Democratic representative, "Mike" Mansfield. His constituents were soon gratified to learn, however, that Mansfield not only owned up to a violation of protocol, he also pleaded guilty to the charge of being a miner and a lumberjack. Having been employed in both proletarian occupations for a good part of his crowded career, Mansfield saw no point in concealing the fact.

Last November, when Montana voters went to the polls and promoted Mansfield to the senior chamber of Congress despite an overwhelming statewide Republican trend, they were merely adding another distinction to the unique career of the freshman lawmaker.

For a man who can recall the day when he worked for a mucker's wages in the mines and couldn't point to a grammar school diploma, Mike Mansfield has come a long way.

Before the lean, blue-eyed Irishman first ran for the U. S. House of Representatives in 1942, the name Mansfield was hardly known outside Montana's first congressional district. Today, after serving five consecutive terms in the House, he has been given a good part of the credit for ridding Montana of its reputation as an isolationist state with a penchant for sending maverick congressmen to Washington.

Few Far Western congressmen have distinguished themselves so ambidextrously. For Mansfield, while pushing our internationalist foreign policy with one hand, has kept the other on the pulse of the peculiarly provincial needs of Western Montana. Actually, both concerns come back to the same purpose, which is to help the "ordinary guy," whether he is a Montanan or a Korean. Having been a dirty collared working stiff and an enlisted man—in all three services!—himself, Mansfield is uniquely qualified to take their part.

Accomplishing this in his calm, quiet, pipe-smoking manner, Mansfield has not caught many sensational headlines. But his qualifications are well known and well respected in Washington. President Truman at different times offered him the important posts of Under Secretary of the Interior and Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs. He turned down both offers because they would almost certainly have interfered with what he regards as his mission to solve Montana's problems.

In his chosen fields, it would be dangerous ever to say Mansfield is talking through his hat. His career has taken in a great many viewpoints. Besides being the only member of Congress to have served in the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps, he earned a Master of Arts degree in history without benefit of a grammar school diploma, and he is probably the only legislator to have had five private audiences with Pope Pius

XII on his five congressional investigation trips to Europe. As a devout Catholic he was missing no opportunities to obtain His Holiness' views.

His service in China and the Philippines as a leatherneck in the early twenties ignited in him a fascination for the Far East. Later, he taught Far Eastern and Latin American history at the University of Montana. As a member of Congress, Mansfield's knowledge of these areas led to his appointment to the House Foreign Affairs Committee, where he eventually wound up as second-ranking member. Shortly after the Eighty-Third Congress convened, Mike was appointed to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, an unheard of occurrence in that seniority-conscious body.

MANSFIELD answers to "Mike" from voters as well as his colleagues on the Hill, and even extends the nickname to his official signature and for postal franking privileges. Yet in no sense is he the "hail-fellow-well-met" brand of personality generally associated with the successful politician. Spare and slow spoken like many Westerners, he prefers logic to the emotional harangue of many of his calling. It was this trademark which prompted a friend to say that "Mike would have made a good Jesuit."

The election campaign last November took him 40,000 miles—more than either Eisenhower or Stevenson covered in their nation-wide race—and into some counties where "there were more jackrabbits than people." The outcome was a sound beating for the incumbent, Senator Zales Ecton.

Despite the Montana senator's usual stoicism in the midst of sound and fury, there have been notable exceptions, when his ancestral temper got the upper hand momentarily. The *Congressional Record* contains only one real tirade delivered by Mike in his ten years on the Hill.

It was delivered in the direction of Governor Thomas E. Dewey, a Republican whose abilities Mansfield generally respects. Members of the Eightieth Congress were aghast one day in 1947 when the usually mild-mannered "gentleman from Montana" rose and began:

"According to this morning's press, Governor Thomas E. Dewey, 'Silent Tom,' offered to give Montana 50,000 Communists to add to its population, which has recently been decreasing. Then he went fishing.

"It seems to be the habit of the Republican leaders to go fishing," Mansfield added with heavy sarcasm, "whenever they are asked to help Montana. Governor Dewey's suggestion is typical of the attitude of the absentee landlords of the East whenever they think of Montana, or for that matter any part of the West. Montana is not a second-class state and does not want any part of Governor Dewey's Communists. Governor Dewey, keep your 50,000 Reds."

Mansfield was born in New York City, the day before St. Patrick's Day, March 16, 1903. His parents were Josephine (O'Brien) Mansfield and Patrick Mansfield. The family moved to Great Falls, Montana, in 1908. When young Mike entered his teens he left home to work in the Pacific Northwest's lumber camps. At the unripe age of fourteen he stuck his tongue in his cheek and walked into the nearest Navy recruiting station. To his surprise, he was accepted. For a year he was a seaman aboard the cruiser "Minneapolis," shepherding troop ships to and from France.

He returned to Montana with an honorable discharge but a few months later enlisted in the army and was sent to California, where he was stationed a year with the medical corps. That left only the Marine Corps, which Mike signed up with after leaving the army.

From 1922 until 1930 Mansfield toiled in the Montana copper mines. Starting as a mucker with a shovel and a pair of hip boots, he worked his way up to the unofficial title of "mining engineer." Meanwhile, Mansfield began catching up on his education in earnest. He went to high school and college simultaneously by taking exams from the teachers at Missoula County High School and correspondence courses from Montana University.

By 1933, Mansfield got a dividend from his labors in the form of a Bachelor of Arts degree. At that point, he quit the mines and devoted full time to the pursuit of learning. He got a job as an assistant in the political science department at Montana University at twenty-five dollars a month. Within a year he had his M.A. in the same subject. Within two more years he was teaching as an assistant professor of history and political science, having in the meantime put in four quarters on his doctor of philosophy degree at the University of California.

THERE are those who maintain Mansfield's decision to enter the political arena was prompted by a desire to put to death his state's isolationist label. When Professor Mansfield decided to run for office in 1942, one of Montana's senators was Burton K. Wheeler, once a prime mover in the America First Movement. His own district's representative in Washington was Jeannette Rankin, now remembered by Montanans chiefly for having cast the only vote in Congress against declaring war on Japan.

Mansfield himself is inclined to ascribe his entry into politics to nothing more than an undiluted Irish background. He beat his opponent handily in 1942, polling more than 42,000 of his district's votes. He has won by a safe margin ever since.

Wide World Photo

Mike has the distinction of being the first U. N. delegate from the Pacific Northwest

Political analysts have never needed a crystal ball to fathom Mansfield's popularity in Congress. Montana's first district, which Mike represented for ten years, covers the western half of the state. It has a population of around 250,000, roughly one-third of them voters. The chief reason these residents have made a habit of sending Mike back East to speak for them every two years is their conviction that he will defend their interests on every occasion.

Western Montana's economy is based principally on minerals. The Anaconda Copper Mining Company, situated in Butte, is regarded as the world's number one producer of non-ferrous metal. It annually mines more than 1 billion pounds of copper, 150 million pounds of lead, and 5 per cent of the world's silver. Its twin in controlling the industrial destiny of the state is the Montana Power Company.

Mansfield has waged a running battle for cheap power and electrification for his constituents. The state has about one-tenth the potential hydro-electric power in the nation and Mansfield has consistently advocated measures on the Hill which will increase funds for rural electrification. It is his dream that Montana will someday be completely electrified, cheaply and satisfactorily.

A big step in the direction of Mansfield's goal was reached with the construction of Hungry Horse Dam in northwestern Montana. It was his bill which authorized the project. The dam, whose appropriations Mike defends yearly, is considered by most residents of the state Mansfield's great contribution to Montana. The only reclamation project authorized since 1939, it is, in the opinion of natives, the first essential milestone in the development of Montana for Montanans.

As a Montana representative, Mansfield's problems ranged from civil rights for Indians to the care and feeding of the State's large elk population. When it came to servicemen's rights, though, Mike did not confine his activities to Montana.

IN 1946, for instance, he helped spark the clean-up of the whole U. S. Army court-martial system by introducing a bill authorizing a Congressional committee to investigate brutality to enlisted men at the Litchfield (England) Army depot. As a result, Congress passed a bill which now permits enlisted men to sit in on courts martial with their superior officers. The case was considered by many to have had as much effect on the heartless and inefficient army court-martial system as the Dreyfus episode had on French justice.

As the second ranking member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, Congressman Mansfield's official duties often took him far afield of Montana. In 1951 he became the Pacific Northwest's first delegate to the United Nation's General Assembly. The international tribunal met in Paris that year and Mansfield attended, occupying the chair next to British delegate Selwyn Lloyd.

Late in December the Economic Committee met to debate proposals on the question of reclaiming some of the world's underdeveloped areas. As an exminer, Mansfield felt that he knew a thing or two about economic development. It was during this debate that the Congressman's direct language was criticized, somewhat inconsistently with Marxian orthodoxy, by Russian delegate A.A.Arutyuyun as being in the coarse vocabularly of the working man.

Later, while the Reds were trying to push through a resolution condemning the Mutual Security Act, the U. S. was charged with committing "an aggressive act" by authorizing 100 million dollars for MSA to help anti-Communists inside and outside Russia.

Mansfield denied the fund was meant to subsidize fifth columns inside Russia or its satellites and rejected Vishinsky's description of refugees from Eastern Europe as "turncoats and dregs of humanity." Turning to Vishinsky, he asked rhetorically, "Would it be more accurate, I wonder, to say Mr. Vishinsky looks upon them as escaped convicts."? When the Kremlin's mouthpiece rose apoplectically to answer his capitalistic opponent, the British delegate Selwyn Lloyd had to duck to avoid Vishinsky as he pointed a shaking arm at Mansfield. An alert cameraman caught the scene in his lens. It became one of the widely circulated news pictures of 1951. In it, Mansfield appeared his usual unruffled self, while Vishinsky's choler spoke volumes.

Mansfield voted for Administration policies close to 80 per cent of the time, but seldom for purely political reasons. For example, although he has voted for Senator McCarran's Subversive Activities Control Bill and is on record as favoring the outlawing of the Communist party in the United States, he refused to vote for the bill which made the Un-American Activities Committee a permanent group.

At the time the bill came up, Mansfield considered the Committee little more than a three-ring circus under klieg lights. It had not introduced up to that time, he said, a single piece of legislation to curb Communism. Furthermore—and this was before Senator Nixon began to put teeth into the Committee— ranking member John Rankin ignored Mansfield's request that the Committee make a thorough investigation of Ku Klux Klan activities. Chairman of the Un-American Activities Committee at the time was Rep. J. Parnell Thomas, who later served a jail sentence for padding his office payroll.

Mansfield introduced an amendment to the Yugoslavian Aid bill requiring the State Department to report every three months on the degree of Yugoslavia's compliance with the terms, including the right of the United States to supervise food distribution.

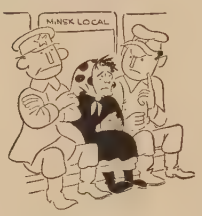
IT'S a safe bet that Mansfield's move to the senior chamber will have little effect on his working or playing habits. He has only one hobby—work. If he doesn't finish it on Capitol Hill, it is not unusual for him to stuff it in a briefcase and bring it home to his modest, semidetached, rented house in Washington's southeast area—"the other side of the tracks" for congressmen.

The Mansfields have one child, daughter Anne, who bears a strong resemblance to her mother Maureen, an Irish colleen swept off her feet by Mansfield in Butte twenty years ago.

As a member of the "loyal opposition," Mansfield's role in the Eighty-Third Congress is likely to be an active one. Meanwhile, to a lot of Montanans, he will continue to be the same person an army private once described in a letter home after meeting him in Washington during the war: "A real Joe who understands the score."

WILLIAM M. HEALY is a writer for a government public relations bureau. He has written several articles on Catholic public figures for *The Sign* and other publications.

The Morning After



▶"Thank God!" sighed an old woman, as she finally managed to get a seat on the Moscow subway.

Overhearing, a Red Army soldier rebuked her.

"You should not say that. You should say, 'Thanks to Stalin for the Moscow subway.'"

"But Stalin is dead," the woman replied.

"Then," whispered the soldier, "we can both say, 'Thank God.'"

—Edward T. Murphy

Picturesque balconies, pralines, mad dentists' ghosts, and chickens named after saints

A LOOK AT THE WORLD . . . BY ANITA COLBY

New Orleans Junket

TRAVEL, as the saying goes, is broadening.

It's also frightfully expensive but, most of all, it's wonderful fun.

It's so frustrating, though, to realize that the real heart and soul of a place, whether it be Paris or Des Moines, Iowa, can never be satisfactorily seen and appreciated on the quick trips most of us must take out of necessity.

This first occurred to me some years ago in New Orleans when I heard of an old French lady down there who named all of her chickens after saints!

How fascinating, I thought!

Now, many years and many junkets to New Orleans since that rather remarkable discovery, I finally have some understanding of that truly fabulous city, the real city, the city underneath, the city known only to those who know it best—as partly represented by the old lady and her chickens.

It has cost much time and money—my own and that of others, too—but it has been worth it, and it has made me realize, by comparison, how little I knew after my first trip.

Luckily, I was aided in my search for the real New Orleans by THE SIGN's John Lester, my very good friend, among other Orleanians to whom I am also most grateful, who first acquainted me with all the usual things, the "oysters Rockefeller," the "shrimp Remoulade," the crepe suzettes, the pralines, the unique French Quarter, the huge "poor boy" sandwiches stuffed with meat, lettuce, cheese, tomatoes, pickles, and dripping with mustard and catsup, and who then opened my eyes to the wondrous city of which all this is only a part: the city of legends like that of the mad dentist who is said to haunt St. Peter Street, the city of saints and sinners, of high and low, good and bad, the city of colorful personalities.

New Orleans has no lack of the latter, so many that one hardly knows where to start in enumerating them, and these furnish an important key to the city's inner character and charm.

Among them is Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini, whom New Orleans claims for her long years of work there, and who is the first American ever to be canonized a saint.

There's also "The Little Mother Of The Desert," the French Quarter orphanage nun who salvaged many, many little lives that might otherwise have been broken or worse, and the eccentric who specializes in making shoes for one-legged men (he's made a fortune at it) and keeps his automobile in his living room.

People and things of that kind give the old city a real meaning for me because they humanize and personalize it, although items of a more institutional nature also contribute to the city's charm and interest.

Everybody, for instance, is now familiar with a New Orleans street named "Desire" because of the publicity given a play using that name, but New Orleans has many other fascinating street names.

One subdivision owner contributed to this specific fascination by naming all of his streets after different makes of automobiles, except his own which he continually reviled because it wouldn't run.

Typical New Orleans architecture

The owner of another subdivision ran out of names when he came to his last street, so he solved the situation simply by calling the street "Amen."

America's first "skyscraper," a whopping four-story affair, was built in New Orleans almost 150 years ago and it's still standing!

America's first apartment buildings, The Pontalbas, are also still standing and are being lived in today by some of New Orleans' best families. Beautiful, stately, ornate buildings, they face each other across Jackson Square and stand at right angles to New Orleans' fine old St. Louis Cathedral, as though in respectful deference.

SUGAR, I learned on my fifth or sixth trip, was grown on a site now occupied by another famous old church there, the Jesuit Church.

The term "Dixie," by which our southland is affectionately known, originated in New Orleans, and the South's anthem, of the same name, was first introduced and published there.

Readers of THE SIGN may be especially interested to know that New Orleans is the only American city that allows nuns to ride on any and all public vehicles free of charge, and it's also the only city with a "Thursday Night Club" that meets on Tuesdays.

Please don't think, however, that with this show of information, I set myself up as an authority on the great city.

Far from it.

I have merely learned what I could, the better to make each succeeding trip more exciting and adventuresome than the last, and I'd like to pass what little I have learned on to you in the hope that it might somehow enhance your next trip or, if you have never been there, that it might help sustain you until you get down to "The City That Care Forgot," which Orleanians prefer to call "America's Most Interesting City."

The Reds see a good thing in Finland

A Sign Picture Article that reveals the healthy economic condition of Finland and also the threat that hangs over the head of one of our most loyal allies

A market in Helsinki. Shops and carts are burgeoning with food, and people show a radiant health which is rare on the Continent. With the exception of Switzerland, Finland enjoys the best economy in Europe today.

Few want to do housework with better jobs available. Here, a banker takes time off to learn how to cook.

Children enjoy a swim in the pool. In the background is Finland's most modern grammar school in Helsinki.

Finland is the one European country that enjoys the distinction of having paid off its World War I debt completely. It is one of the reasons why Finland's credit is good in the United States. The Soviet Union has watched this with some concern, and is making its influence felt within the Finnish borders.

For one thing, the Communists feel that Finland is too close to Russia to be on such good terms with the arch-capitalist state of the world. On the other hand, the fact that Finland can pay its debts and enjoy a very healthy economy makes it an especially tempting dish to the land-hungry Russian bear.

Industrially, agriculturally, and from a viewpoint of morale, Finland is a good catch today, particularly if she can be absorbed into the giant Russian maw without too much protest from the West. Russia would like to seal off this one remaining northern exit to the west and thus contain her autocratic power intact from the Ukraine to the Baltic.

Finland is not a tiny country as many seem to believe. It appears dwarfed because of the *(continued on next page)*

Unlike Russia, this young man was free to leave the farm and to become an apprentice mechanic in city.

Bus travel is cheap and available to all. Across border in Russia, a visa is needed for a local trip.

Boys in native costumes take the girls for a boat ride. Rowing boats is very popular with the Finns.

The Heikura sisters, famous amateur violinists, play Finnish folk songs, while their many admirers listen.

great behemoth, the Soviet empire, across its borders. Actually it embraces over one hundred and forty-nine thousand miles. Thirty-five per cent of the territory is forest land of the finest variety. The Russians would find this wood supply a great asset in their building plans. The country also abounds in unexplored ore regions, some of them very rich in nickel deposits.

Most important of all, the acquisition of Finland would give Russia another "window to the West." In the Finnish ports she could continue the secret build-up of her navy. It would place many and strategic harbors at the disposal of the great Soviet submarine fleet and raise havoc with shipping in the North Atlantic. The "Window to the West" is the kind of ventilation that Russia has always cried for and now feels strong enough to grab—Finns notwithstanding. No wonder Finland looks good to the Reds.

The City Passage, a combination railroad station and business center, has many attractions for shoppers.

This well-filled church in Kiaalinen would be a thing of the past if the Soviet invades Finland.

The people of Finland enjoy a wide variety of uncensored publications, including foreign magazines.

Well-dressed women and children stop at one of the many ice cream carts found throughout the cities.

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

A Study in Gray and Black

THE DEVOTION, only fairly recently established, to Mother's Day is still growing. The reasons are varied; one cannot blame it all on the florists and shops who want to capitalize on it. We are a sentimental people, which is a fine thing to be in this dreary world, and also we do not expose our old folks on hillsides or polish them off with some handy weapon. But the middle-aged might as well be drastically dealt with, to judge from letters I get and which I see in the papers. Unless one has a real gift or a better half or has been able to save or has inherited money, things go hard with after-forty people. So to give somebody thus out of luck a gift of flowers on one day in the year seems a little silly.

But the fact is that Mother's Day includes all ages, even if some of the florists still use as an ad for customers that ancient dame who was Whistler's mother. He never called the picture that, of course. His name for it was "Arrangement in Gray and Black." And a better title too, for if any flour, unpleasant female does not represent that large class of human beings who are or have been mothers, it is this one of unrelieved gray and black age.

The trouble is that so many mothers are pink and blonde or brown-haired or black or auburn. If there is any gray or black in dress for this set, it is because gray is in the mode this year or black makes you look sophisticated—unless you are Whistler's mother, of course. If you called the day Grandmother's Day, or even Great Grandmother's Day, then the picture might be all right. But mothers include a lot of young things who buzz in and out of the A & P with a baby in front of the carrying cart and another trotting along trying to grab mother's slacks—much harder to grab than Mrs. Whistler's long skirts.

Then there is the older woman whose children are teen age, and she is just as busy at the supermarket, for it is even harder to fill them up at that age, and there is the worry for her that begins to put lines in the face—will Molly settle on that grand boy or prefer the light-headed one? Will Jimmie get drafted or be allowed to finish his schooling?

Then there is the next age of mothers, the so to speak grow-old-along-with-me group. This is the one where the grandchildren arrive and where the gay miss of other days and the worried mother become baby sitters for free.

So you see Mother's Day is complicated of ages and times. I have a proposition, however, for a celebration that would really be one.

Mothers Themselves Should Celebrate

I THINK IT would be a good idea if mothers took this celebrating into their own hands. I would like them to quit their jobs—this includes grandmothers too—not only in the home but in the shop and factory and everywhere, just for that one day. Leave the babies in the cradles, the ladles in the soup, the oven unlit. Let waitresses and saleswomen and factory workers, so many of whom are mothers too—let them stay away from counters and work boards.

There is no use in going into this too deeply, but I am sure you get the idea. If you will consider the number of working mothers and grandmothers, inside the home and out, you will see I really have something in the way of calling attention to Mother's Day. We might even add the potential mothers to this limited group. The one place where we would not need to bother much would be the halls of Congress, where pickings would be lean, or the U.N. where mothers are even scarcer. On the other hand, we might extend this idea to the whole world—a day when no mother worked, when not one even scrubbed an iron curtain or cleaned up the debris that statesmen leave behind them at nightfall. There would be little done on that day except pass new pacts of peace or fire guns. We might call it Pax Femina Day as well as Mother's Day.

Of course this is jesting. Of course it wouldn't work.

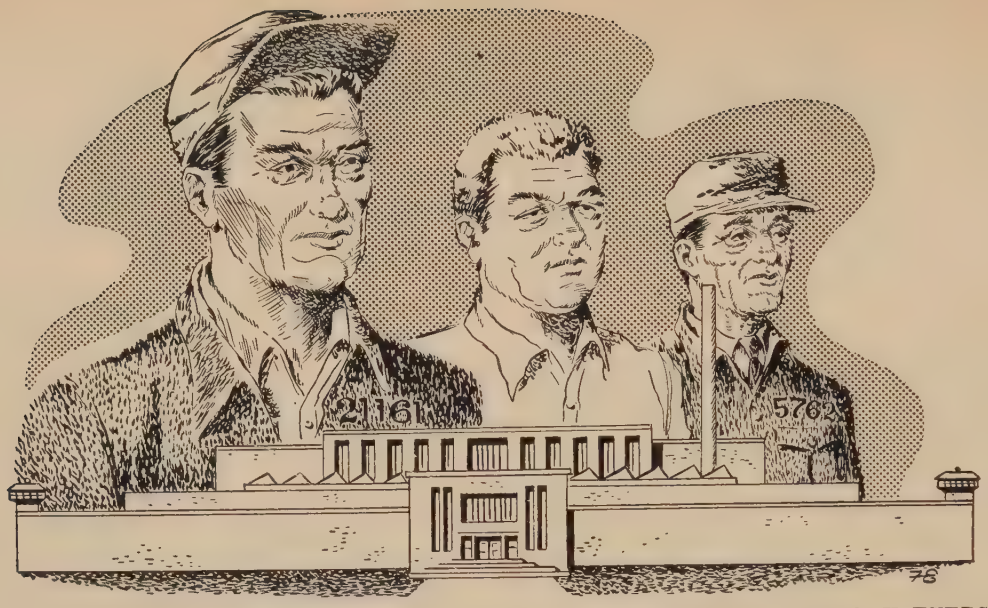
Staying Behind One Way to Help

BUT I WANT to speak in all seriousness of two books which would make fine reading on Mother's Day. In very different ways they represent the day. One is by a high-born German woman, the Baroness von Guttenberg. The title—*Holding the Stirrup*—is a phrase which means that the one who stays behind helps the one who rides away. It is a tale of two wars and it is written by a stanch Catholic, the woman who later organized and headed Caritas, the German equivalent of N.C.W.C. It is a story of the sheltered class, the people who by birth and wealth once ruled Germany. It is also the story of a mother who suffered and tried to help. It is a complete indictment of the system which Hitler brought to the world. Her own cousin was the man who placed the bomb which was to kill Hitler and who died crying, "Long live my holy Germany." The Baroness knows the real task today: "We face a tremendous battle in the urgent task of re-Christianizing the German people." And she knows it is a spiritual matter and must be settled by working with souls as well as with bodies.

Now we come to the other story—*Promises to Keep*, by William Walsh. I read it at one sitting, even carried it with me to the kitchen while I reheated the coffee which got cold while I read absorbedly. It is a Mother's Day story even if a man wrote it. Perhaps that is the nicest thing about it. It is an inspiration and a joy—this story of the Walshes and their twelve children. There is poverty here, great poverty. It is the story of an American and Catholic family, and it exemplifies the fine thing President Eisenhower said during his campaign days, speaking of his own childhood: "We were poor but the glory of America was that we did not know it."

The story is told by the husband, and his share in rearing his family is not only fine but necessary for an exemplary father. But it is to his wife that he gives all the flowers in the book. In the entire account there is only one sad chapter—that of the death of the last baby at birth—and even that is set in the joy of eternal life.

If you must give a gift for Mother's Day, this book would be a fine choice. For it is really a song of praise for mother. It is lighthearted, sad, searching, joyous, full of faith and of courage, of loss and gain, as is a mother's life.



ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK EVERS

A Chance for Ex-Convicts

Men on parole are often unemployed, lonely, and suspicious. San Francisco Vincentians have found a real solution

by ***ED CONY***

IT was a cold March night in San Francisco. The wind off the bay swept up Mission Street in gusts that buffeted pedestrians and drove them along at a faster pace.

But the man who turned off the street and came into the small office was not cold. He was warm. His face was covered with perspiration. Bill Frey looked up from his desk. The man thrust into his hands something wrapped in a handkerchief and without a word turned on his heel and disappeared into the night.

Bill unfolded the handkerchief, and there in his palm lay a .38 caliber automatic, fully loaded.

Bill Frey has a wide acquaintanceship among criminals. He is not a private eye. Neither is he a fence for stolen goods, nor a gambler, nor a racketeer of any description. He is a law-abiding citizen who happens to be Assistant Executive Secretary in the San Francisco central office of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society, a Catholic charity organization.

At all times the society employs seven parolees in their warehouse and repair shop. These men are fresh from prison —nine-tenths of them from San Quentin. The society makes an interesting agreement with each man. "He makes just one promise to us," Edward L. Wren, Executive Secretary, says. "If he decides to go the other way, he'll let us know."

Each parolee has Bill Frey's phone number, and he agrees to call Bill at any time of day or night when he's tempted to commit a crime. In turn, Bill agrees to talk to the man, to help him over the rough spot, but not to interfere otherwise. He averages a phone call a week—usually at night when criminal temptations run highest.

How about the man with the gun? He had been paroled about six months before from San Quentin, where he had served a term for armed robbery. A few hours before he walked in on Bill, he had split up with his girl. He had gone so far as to steal a gun, and was actually on his way down Market Street to rob a store, when he remembered his promise.

He stopped in his tracks, turned, and made for the office where he knew Bill could be found on that particular spring evening. It was two days later before he came back to tell Bill how close he came to breaking his promise.

Today this ex-convict has a high-paying job, is married, and is the proud father of a young daughter.

ED CONY, ex-G.I., is a reporter on the staff of "The Oregonian." He holds a B.A. in Political Science from Reed College and received his M.A. in Journalism at Stanford University.

Does the society have such success with all parolees? Well, no. Last year, however, they took ninety-five parolees from California prisons. Only three are back in prison—an amazingly low percentage.

Ed Wren is a realist about these men: "All parolees are not the same. Some are the skid row itinerants. Others are fellows like you and me who made a mistake."

The job in the society's warehouse at five dollars a day is a temporary one until a permanent job can be found.

Ed explains: "The low pay acts as a prod to get the men out on their own." He adds quickly, "But they are never to go without a meal. We make that plain. We will always give them money for food or for other emergencies." The society also gives each man fifty dollars worth of clothes when he arrives from prison.

Underlying the approach to these men, you sense a fundamental humbleness—an attitude that seems to say, "under different, less fortunate circumstances this man could have been I. The men are treated with a subtle mixture of kindness and firmness.

The society's workers report that al. parolees are suspicious of everything done for them. They always question the motive behind the act. Theirs is the attitude of, "What's in it for you?" It takes time to break down this suspi-

ion. Here's one way Bill Frey goes bout it.

He never "just drops in" on a parolee t his hotel lodging. "I always make n appointment," he says. "You don't vant them to think you are looking or a wine bottle on the floor. You try o allay the fear they have of parole fficers."

On the other hand, the society tries o avoid being overprotective. Ed Wren ays, "We make it plain it's a fifty-fifty leal, and they have to do their part." When it is known that a parolee is not elling the truth, the staff at the office re careful not to call the man a liar. However, they let him know they aven't completely accepted his story.

RECREATION is the biggest problem for parolees. "We have to go slow ere," says Ed. "We learned quickly hat you can't push them into joining lubs or organizations. We tell them to et us know when they are ready."

Ed continues: "The process of re-abilitation is a slow one. And no won-ler, when you stop to realize that some f these men have spent just about heir whole life in institutions. Some ave gone from orphanages to juvenile arms and from there to penitentiaries."

Perhaps the outstanding thing the so-iety does for the parolees—in addition o helping them over the first rocky days f adjustment to the outside world—is o find them permanent employment. Gradually the society has collected a group of employers in the San Francisco rea who will hire these men.

A contractor in the region is always villing to hire parolees as laborers or s apprentices, if they show interest in earning a trade. During recent labor roubles, when the men were idle, this employer continued to pay parolees heir wages, lest they be tempted to re-ort to criminal methods of getting noney to live on.

A local publishing company started one parolee as a messenger boy, and to-lay he is one of the better young writ-ers in their promotion department. An-other parolee is now successfully op-erating a radio-TV appliance store. Two re sales representatives for a well-known San Francisco firm.

A local candy firm, run by people of Spanish descent, takes on just about ll the Spanish-speaking parolees the so-iety has. Ed Wren voiced his suspicion hat they hire the men whether or not hey need them. He added with a mile: "But they don't know that I know they don't need every man we end over."

Many employers are afraid to hire ex-convicts. But if the society's experience neans anything, they need not be. The men placed by the society have been loyal to the companies that hired them and, according to the society staff, have "never harmed in any way a single employer."

The impression should not be created, however, that San Francisco's Saint Vincent de Paul Society is 100 per cent successful in its rehabilitation of ex-convicts. The society itself does not make that claim. Following is a case that Ed Wren describes as "an outstanding failure of ours."

Joe was a burglar and an alcoholic. When he was paroled he had not touched a drop of liquor for seven years. A society staff worker visited Joe within the last six months. Here is the scene the worker walked in on:

Two small, extremely dirty children were playing on the floor, which was strewn with empty beer and whisky bottles. They were surrounded but unnoticed by six arguing adults—all of them in various stages of intoxication. There was Joe, his wife, his mother, his two brothers, and his grandfather. According to the report, this was not an unusual situation in the household.

Ed Wren admits that Joe is now a complete alcoholic. He adds a wry understatement, "It is not a healthy family situation."

The society is ready to acknowledge its failures. Ed tells of a case in which all the training, all the experience, and all the desires of the society's staff added up to zero—complete failure. "Then," says Ed, "God went to work for us."

The case involved the son of a prominent Oakland family. He began to steal cars, apparently as an attention-getting device. Soon he was in trouble, and despite family efforts and the best defense attorneys available, he was convicted and sent to San Quentin.

A unique parolee program started by seeing Christ in others in need

Eventually he came to the society as a parolee. He was able to get a job, and he returned to Oakland to live again with his family.

In a short time he was in trouble again—this time for cashing bad checks. The family managed to make good on the checks. The strain, however, was too much for his mother, and she died of a heart attack.

His mother's death apparently drove home to the youth the ruin he was bringing on his family. At any rate, his behavior changed for the better, and since his mother's death he has been a responsible and worthy citizen.

Ed Wren and his staff feel that God was responsible for the change. They say all their efforts were fruitless—until God stepped in and gave them a hand.

A deeply religious attitude characterizes the staff at the Mission Street headquarters. Perhaps it can best be described as an awareness of man's sacred responsibility to help his fellow man. Its outlook is indicated by the fact that the society does not confine itself to helping Catholic convicts and makes it a practice never to inquire about the religious beliefs of a parolee. Mr. Wren puts it this way: "No charity is foreign to our society. We try to see Christ in every man."

THE Saint Vincent de Paul society is dedicated to helping all in need, and the San Francisco office does not, of course, confine itself to helping convicts. Through its Parish Conferences and its Family Division, the society performs charitable works that are well known to Catholics all over the country through their contacts with local Saint Vincent de Paul activities.

The parolee plan, however, is the distinguishing mark of the San Francisco office. It is the pride and joy of the San Francisco Archdiocese, and indeed it is one of the outstanding contributions in the country toward the rehabilitation of those who have spent years behind bars and who are suddenly released to face life again as free men, with great potentiality for good or evil.

The warmth, the love, the enthusiasm that the Saint Vincent de Paul workers pour into the parolee program are revealed in the tribute they pay their boss, Ed Wren: "Why, he thinks nothing of keeping the mayor waiting forty-five minutes while he listens to some parolee unburden himself of his troubles."

With a spirit like this, it is difficult to set a limit on the good the program may accomplish in the years ahead.

The Church Down Under

Australian Catholics never had it so good, but it took 150 years from penal rags to spiritual riches

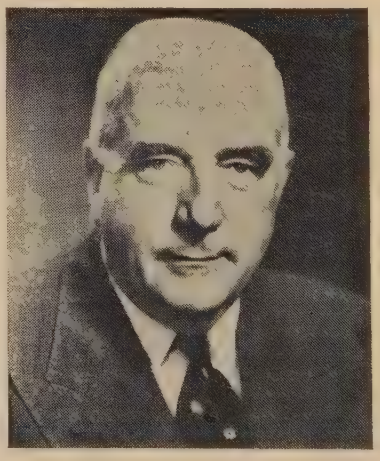
by JAMES G. MURTAGH

THE story of the foundation of the Catholic Church in Australia is one of the most heroic and little-known chapters in the religious history of the nineteenth century. The first Catholics were mostly Irish rebels, unjustly transported to Botany Bay, without trial or sentence, for the Rebellion of 1798. Among them were three priests, Fathers Harold, O'Neill, and Dixon. Although the Holy See granted them faculties and appointed Father Dixon a Prefect Apostolic, they were forbidden to exercise their ministry. For the penal laws were still in force in the British Isles, the Gordon Riots were still a vivid memory, and Catholic Emancipation was still a quarter of a century away.

In response, however, to strong petitions from the Catholic convicts, who formed a quarter of the population, the Governor, Philip Gidley King, issued a historic proclamation in May, 1803, permitting Father Dixon a limited exercise of his priestly functions once a month. This curious document, only recently discovered, fixed the time for the Catholic service (9 A.M.), warned against "seditious conversation" that could injure His Majesty's Government or the tranquillity of the colony, and even warned Protestants against permitting their "zeal" to persuade them to any anti-Catholic act. The regulations also made Father Dixon responsible for the behavior of his congregation, not only in the church, but while coming from and returning to their homes.

The first Sacrifice of the Mass in Australia was offered by Father Dixon on May 15, 1803. There was no altar stone, some old damask curtains were made to serve for vestments, and a convict craftsman fashioned a small chalice out of tin. The Holy Oils had to be obtained from Rio de Janiero. But the permission was short-lived, for reports reached the Governor that the monthly gatherings for Mass were being used to foment revolt. Indeed four hundred "United Irishmen" mutinied in 1804 and before the close of the year the permission was revoked. For the next fifteen years, the Irish kept the Faith alive, not only without Mass and the Sacraments, but under conditions of persecution. They were forced to attend Protestant services under threat of the lash and the bulk of them suffered repeated floggings rather than deny their consciences.

Their hopes revived when a venturesome Irish missionary, Father Jeremiah O'Flynn, arrived in the settlement in 1817. But he carried no official authorization and the Governor, Lachlan Macquarie, prohibited him from saying Mass in public and decided to deport him on the next ship. Father O'Flynn, evading arrest, carried on a busy underground apostolate for six months, saying Mass in a private room of a settler's house and administering the sacraments to the forgotten Catholics. Eventually the redcoats caught up with him and he was shipped back to England. But before his departure, Father O'Flynn left the Blessed Sacrament, reserved for the sick, in a cedar press in the cottage of Mr.



Prime Minister R. G. Menzies

William Davis, an Irish blacksmith, who had been transported for making pikes for the rebels of '98. For two years, a lamp was kept burning before the humble tabernacle, and with inspiring faith and devotion, the little band of Catholics gathered there in secret for prayer. These sorrowful years have been called the "catacomb era" of the Catholic Church in Australia.

Father O'Flynn arrived in England, when the new liberal and democratic ideas were gaining ground and his treatment in Sydney touched off a newspaper controversy and political agitation on the plight of Catholics in Australia. The most brilliant and effective writing came from the pen of Father John England, parish priest of Bandon, who boldly exposed the injustice and called on the authorities, both civil and religious, to legalize the Catholic Church in the antipodes. Less than two years later, Father England was named first Bishop of Charleston, South Carolina, and became one of the foremost Catholic leaders in the United States during the nineteenth century.

FATHER England's agitation produced immediate and unexpected results. Following a Royal Commission of Enquiry in 1819, freedom of conscience was granted and a Catholic Mission was subsidized by the English Government in Australia, when Catholic Emancipation for England was still a dream. Thus was the mission of Father O'Flynn, seemingly a failure, transformed into a spectacular triumph of which he himself was largely unconscious. He spent the last years of his life, first in the West Indies and later in the diocese of Philadelphia, where he built the first Catholic Church in Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, at Silver Lake in 1833. He died there in 1836, aged 40 years.

The first priest officially recognized by the English Government, Rev. John Joseph Therry, arrived in Australia in 1820, thirty-two years after the foundation of the colony, and the Church was finally established on solid foundations by two Benedictine monks, William Ullathorne, a cabin boy, who became an English Archbishop, and his friend and teacher, John Bede Polding, who became the first Catholic Bishop of Australia. Dr. Ullathorne, O.S.B., as Vicar-General of New South Wales, played a leading part, by his speeches, writings, and evidence before the House of Commons, in bringing to an end the iniquitous convict system, and was dubbed by his enemies, who waxed fat on the traf-

Australian News & Information Bureau

Civilians and military personnel leave High Mass at St. Mary's Basilica, Sydney

fic, the "Reverend Agitator-General of N.S.W." Under Polding and Ullathorne, the Australian Hierarchy was founded in 1842, the first Catholic Hierarchy to be established in a British possession since the Reformation.

With the coming of the gold rushes and the sudden growth of population, the Catholic community increased proportionately and the Church had something of a pentecostal growth thereafter. At the close of the nineteenth century, the Church was ruled by a Cardinal, Francis Patrick Moran, an Irishman, who was not only a great scholar and religious builder, but also a social leader and statesman. He played a role in Australia parallel to that of Cardinal Manning in England and Cardinal Gibbons in the United States during the social unrest of the times. When Capital and Labor clashed in the "Great Strikes" of the nineties, a landmark in Australia's social history, Cardinal Moran supported the cause of the workers, even though they were accused of being socialists, and many of them were. On their way to a monster meeting in Sydney, the strikers gathered around his residence and gave "Three Cheers for the Cardinal!" He also encouraged the foundation of the Australian Labor Party and vigorously campaigned for the federation of the colonies into the Commonwealth of Australia.

Today, Catholics number one fifth of the total population. The official figure from the last census (1947) is 1,531,091, but does not include the considerable influx of "New Australian" Catholics in later years. The Church is organized into twenty-six dioceses.

THE pride of the Australian church is her efficient, comprehensive grade school system, which in scholastic results excels the state secular system, yet, despite persistent agitation by the Bishops for justice, is still entirely supported by Catholics without state aid. The postwar years, however, have seen a significant and hopeful swing toward the idea of state aid to denominational schools among thoughtful non-Catholic sections of the community, and the Australian Labor Party last year adopted it as a plank in its future platform and policy. Nearly all Catholic children in Australia attend Catholic grade schools and of those who go on to High, nearly 90 per cent attend Catholic high schools, called colleges in Australia. The reason is that, when education was secularized by the state in the seventies, there was never a moment's hesitation among the Bishops. They refused to compromise, forbade Catholics to send their children to the state schools, and appealed to them to build their own. "You build the schools," they said, "we'll find the teachers."

Hence, a strong spirit of loyalty and self-sacrifice for Catholic education has become a tradition of the nation. When a parish is established, the first edifice built is not a church but a school, which is also used for Mass. Even when this is paid for, the next step is not always a church. Very often, it is a pair

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REV. JAMES G. MURTAGH, associate editor of the *Advocate*, Melbourne's oldest Catholic weekly newspaper, is the author of *Australia: The Catholic Chapter; Democracy in Australia;* and *Catholics and the Commonwealth.*

A dainty Miss proud of her Catholic high school uniform at an outing feeds a kangaroo ▲

St. Patrick's Cathedral in Melbourne rivals medieval counterparts in beauty and size (35,000 sq. ft.) ▶

of tennis courts to keep the young people together. Next comes a church, and finally a rectory. No Australian Catholic parish is considered fully equipped without its tennis courts. The game is played all the year round. The parish clubs play competitively against each other and are all affiliated on a state and federal basis as the Catholic Lawn Tennis Association of Australia. Jeff Brown, Wimbledon Runner-up (1946) and Davis Cup player, graduated from Catholic parish tennis.

At the level of higher education, there is as yet no Catholic University in Australia. Indeed, there are no private universities at all. But at the six State Universities, there is an affiliated Catholic College on the campus. Cardinal Gilroy, however, has bought a property outside Sydney for the establishment of a Catholic University, to be conducted by Holy Cross Fathers from Notre Dame, Indiana.

The International Eucharistic Congress of 1928 provided a spark that touched off an explosion of Catholic energies in the thirties. The decade witnessed a National Eucharistic Congress in Melbourne (1934), an All-Australian Catholic Education Congress (1936), the Fourth Plenary Council of the Australian Hierarchy (1937), a Missionary Congress, attended by delegates from Indonesia and the South Seas (1938), and finally, after several years of lay initiative and experimentation, the unification of Catholic Action and the authorization of a National Secretariat by the Hierarchy (1941).

Although only a minority in the n tion, Catholics play an active part i the social and political life of the cou try. Since the 1928 Congress, five ou of the eight Prime Ministers of the Com monwealth have been Catholics, th outstanding figures being James Henr Scullin (1929-1932), Joseph Aloysiu Lyons (1932-1939), and Joseph Bene dict Chifley (1945-1949). James Scullin was the first Australian-born Labo Prime Minister and played the role o Elder Statesman to succeeding Labo ministries, until his death at 77 i January of this year. The early inspira tion of his life was the Encyclica "Rerum Novarum" and, until his las years, he attended Mass and receive Holy Communion every day. Yet fro 1928 to 1935 he was the leader of a political party which is regarded a socialist overseas. For most of its history however, Australia's socialism has been a practical, not a doctrinaire, affair utilizing the powers of the state for the welfare of the working class. In re cent years, certain trends, especially toward greater nationalization, have alienated some Catholic support, but the vast majority of Catholics still swim with the tide of Labor and vote the Labor ticket.

THE importance, therefore, of social education to influence Labor policy along Christian lines has been fully realized by Australian Catholic leaders. This is being carried out at the trade union level—and the country is highly unionized—by the organized action of Catholic unionists, especially against the Communists, and at the national level by annual statements, applying Christian social teaching to local conditions, authorized by the Australian Bishops.

When the war ended in 1945, Australia awoke to find that the Communists had infiltrated into all the key trade unions and captured the top executive positions. They then proceeded to hold the country to ransom by organizing "rolling strikes" up and down the country to paralyze production and intensify inflation according to directives from Russia. The situation called for urgent and organized action. "Industrial Groups" were formed by the Labor Party to fight the Communists in its midst. Catholic trade unionists were also awakened from their apathy and organized to play their part. They became the spearhead of the "Industrial Groups" and their newspaper *News Weekly* is the brightest and most effective anti-Communist labor journal in the Commonwealth. The campaign against the Commies was carried on by democratic methods, secret ballots, open debate, and maximum attendance

t union meetings. Where the Reds held on to their positions by means of rigged voting lists and dishonest ballots, the "groupers" took them to court and won. As a result, during the past six years, Communists have been gradually ousted from office in almost all the trade unions of Australia and the position of the Communist party is at its lowest ebb since its foundation in the twenties.

Every year a "Social Justice Sunday" is observed in every Catholic parish. Special statements, published with the authority of the Australian Bishops, apply Christian social principles to the Australian scene and form the basis for sermons, addresses, radio talks, and newspaper articles. Copies in pamphlet form are distributed by the thousands throughout the country and the statements receive wide publicity in the daily press.

OVER the years, these statements have discussed freedom, the family, the wider distribution of property, the land, social security, education, peace in industry, morality in public life. More recent statements, notably Socialization (1948), The Future of Australia (1951), and Food or Famine? (1952), have attracted considerable attention in England, Canada, and the United States. This year the Bishops' Statement will be on immigration.

The Catholic press is represented in Australia by diocesan-owned weekly newspapers in each capital city (except Canberra), all of which subscribe to the N.C.W.C. overseas news service. Independent Catholic papers, edited and published by the laity, are *News Weekly* and *The Catholic Worker* (monthly). A theological quarterly, *The Australian Catholic Record,* caters to priests and religious, while *Twentieth Century,* a quarterly review edited by laymen, deals with contemporary politics, literature, art, and international affairs. The apostolate of the pamphlet is carried on by the *Australian Catholic Truth Society,* founded in 1904, which has to date distributed well over 10,000,000 booklets. An Australian *Catholic Digest,* founded about the same time as the U. S. *Catholic Digest,* summarizes articles from overseas magazines. A new publication, *Social Survey,* published by the Institute of Social Order, is similar to the American *Social Order* (I.S.O. St. Louis). There are also more than a dozen missionary and devotional magazines.

In the field of radio, Australia has a Catholic station, 2SM, in Sydney, founded at the time of the 1928 Congress. Although a full-time commercial station, it regularly broadcasts Catholic sessions, notably "The Question Box," conducted by Rev. Leslie Rumble, M.S.C. Volumes of Dr. Rumble's answers, entitled "Radio Replies," have a wide distribution in Australia and the United States. In Melbourne, a weekly "Catholic Hour" has been on the air for twenty-one years, while Catholic speakers share time with other religious groups on the national (state-owned) broadcasting system. Commercial stations also carry Catholic programs, most of them being American transcriptions. Besides a locally produced "Talks for Moderns" (6 stations), Australians can hear the U. S. Jesuit "Sacred Heart" program (18 stations), Father Peyton's "Rosary Hour" (17 stations) and the "Hour of St. Francis" (7 stations). Nearly 50 per cent of the Australian Commercial stations carry Catholic programs.

Australian Catholic Action issues a number of specialized publications for its various movements: *New Youth* (Young Christian Workers), *Torchlight* (Catholic Girls' Movement), *Order* (Business and Professional Men), *Horizon* (Catholic women), and *Rural Life* (Farmers). The National Secretariat, Melbourne, also publishes "Studies in Australian Social Problems" (1950), an excellent synthesis of the Bishops' Statements on Social Justice; "Studies in Catholic Action" (1948), a book compiled for leaders and members of Catholic Action movements; and "Catholic Action in Australia" (1950), an official statement of the Australian Bishops.

Two teaching Brothers outside the chapel of a new Catholic Agriculture School at Cygnet

Australia's chief export is wool. Many Catholics are still scattered in sheep country

People

Alexander J. Battell as a lecturer and . . .

. . **as the smiling** gas station attendant.

• A group of parishioners paused briefly at the dimly lit bulletin board in front of a Methodist Church in a small New Jersey community. Emblazoned in block letters were the words: "Lecture Tonight—Facts on Catholicism by **Alexander J. Battell.**"

Continuing into the church, the group waited silently in the pews. Moments later, a medium built, gray-haired man mounted the rostrum. Instead of the usual clergy attire, he was dressed in a business suit. Gripping the ends of the lectern with his rough, weatherbeaten hands, he began to speak.

Thus seven years ago was launched the career of a layman lecturer who since has imparted understanding of the Catholic Faith to thousands of non-Catholics in New Jersey. Mr. Battell of Roselle Park filled a void in his life that night. Since illness forced him to give up his studies for the priesthood twenty-five years before, he had been searching for an outlet for his religious knowledge. He had prayed for this opportunity.

Now he had it. And the Catholic Church gained a valuable asset—a lecturer who could reach members of other religions interested in Catholicism but wary of seeking answers at the rectory.

Though he is known to many in New Jersey because of his lecturing, he is known to many others as a gentleman who owns a gas station, and who serves them with a genial smile.

• When **Miss Mary Callaghan,** above, left Cleveland, Ohio, for a two-weeks vacation in South Dakota, she had no idea that she would remain for fifteen years! In her native City of Cleveland, she was the first Executive Secretary of the National Council of Catholic Women. After years of faithful service she was forced to resign because of ill health. A friend of hers, a worker at the Sacred Heart Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, invited her to the Mission for a vacation. She accepted. She soon found herself entering wholeheartedly into the social work of the Mission. "As a matter of fact," she says, "I fell in love with the Sioux Indians. They are lovable people, and their love for the family and their loyalty is indeed heartwarming in these days when there are so many broken homes."

The Mother Butler Center in South Dakota, under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers, is the scene of Miss Callaghan's labors. At the Center, washing machines are provided for the squaws. They also sell used clothing to the indigenous Indians. Classes are held in home crafts, weaving, dressmaking, and remodeling of clothes and furniture.

Asked how she lives, Miss Callaghan replied: "Entirely by faith, and we have never been in want. God provides for us." Though she has spent her whole life dedicated to the works of the Church, Miss Callaghan finds it a very pleasant task to work for the Indians. "The full-blooded Indian," she says, "commands your respect for his innate dignity, his reverence for womanhood, and his gentle, kindly courtesy. They are deeply religious."

The Sioux, in turn, love and respect this quiet, selfless little lady.

Bishop McCarty, C.SS.R., with Chief and family and missionaries.

Little Indian children cared for at the Mother Butler Center.

Miss Callaghan visits the squaws in the Center's sewing class.

THE YANKEE GESTURE

by **WILLIAM ARTHUR BREYFOGLE**

Gideon could accept disappointment in business, even in love. But scorn was a challenge his Yankee pride could not ignore

IN the distance, the tops of low mountains stood for the Isle of France, for Mauritius, and if they could surmount certain difficulties they might sell a good part of the brig's cargo there. But in the mind of Captain Asahel Stowe, who had brought the "Nestor" from Salem, the difficulties were a good deal clearer than the possibilities of trade. He said so, to John Pratt.

Pratt was the mate, and the audience Captain Stowe preferred when he was worried. Something about Pratt's gift of silence had the effect of clarifying the Captain's perplexities. It helped him to discuss his problems, in the assurance that Pratt would not interrupt.

"They'll have a thumping case of nerves, will the French!" Asahel Stowe predicted. "When a Frenchman's upset, he's like a cat with tar on its feet, and the fall of their Bastille was tar enough for them all. Those officials in Port Louis won't know whether they're on their heads or their heels, nor how long they'll keep their heads on their shoulders. The merchants won't be in any better state than the officials. There'll be a crowd of refugees, with all the trouble brewing in Paris and Marseilles. In a word, we have to do business with so many lunatics! *And,*" said the Captain, reaching a climax, "we entrust *our* end of the business to our supercargo, young Mr. Gideon Morse! Where is he?"

"Shaving," said John Pratt, straight-faced.

"Shaving? Shaving what? Upon my soul, that boy is crazier than the French! Just when he most needs to have all his wits about him, all he can think of is that dark-eyed little charmer of his, that Antoinette Desrosiers! Shaving!"

"He's been very faithful!" Pratt murmured. "Hasn't seen her in more than a year, but . . ."

"He might be a little more faithful to the interests of his father and his uncle, who own this vessel and her cargo! It's commerce he's supposed to be studying, not romance!"

The mate said something about "imperfect instruments." His tone was of formal regret and his expression was grave, but his eyes twinkled. Exemplary in his duties, there were still times when John Pratt could be a surprisingly light-minded man, for a Yankee seaman.

Quick steps made Captain Stowe turn his head with an apprehensive jerk. The supercargo was coming on deck.

The most important single fact about Gideon Morse was his age, which was just short of eighteen years. He looked even younger, for he was small and his complexion was fair. In a face burned red-brown by sun and wind, his eyes were so blue as to be startling. He had not yet mastered the art of shaving, and a cut on his chin showed bright drops of blood.

"Here's finery!" the Captain ejaculated. "Are you going to do business in that garb, sir?"

"Has the wind died?" the boy demanded. "Yes, I'm going ashore dressed as I am, if we ever get through the reefs! I shan't be back before midnight. I daresay Port Louis is excited over the news from France! There are three or four people I have to see, and . . ."

Captain Stowe's eyes went from the gleaming buckles of Gideon's shoes to the knee-breeches that had not been out of tissue paper since Salem, to the flowered waistcoat and the flawless stock. "Three or four people?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, three or four people! When I've talked about firkins of butter and boxes of cheese and barrels of pork and hogsheads of fish—when I've talked about them, and not before—I mean to pay my compliments to Mademoiselle Desrosiers. The French set great store by the amenities of society."

"And many a cargo's been thrown away for a pair of bright eyes! In the name of sanity, put these social amenities of yours out of mind until you've determined the prevailing temper in Port Louis! If we don't move carefully, we may not be able to trade at all. When the French are confused, they take great comfort out of new regulations, to confuse others. Remember, we're steering a course that's not charted."

"I anticipate no great difficulty," said Gideon, absently. "The principal consideration is to get ashore."

"I'm going ashore myself, as soon as

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ILLUSTRATED BY JO POLSENO

ve anchor. You can come with me."

Gideon shook his head. "I'll take the ory and row myself. That way, you won't have to send a boat for me to-ight."

That way, too, he could be the first shore, by a wide margin. They put he little dory over the side for him while the brig was still moving, and Gideon let himself down into it by a notted rope, without disarranging his hore-going clothes. He shipped oars ex-pertly and moved briskly ahead of the Nestor," while John Pratt leaned on he rail and watched him.

He was worth watching! Here was a world that had got itself hopelessly in-volved and confused—in politics, in trade, in everything that concerned men in their prime. And here was a boy darting off ahead of his worried elders, to impose his own dream and purpose upon all that confusion. He had told Captain Stowe that he anticipated no great difficulty.

In Port Louis, he revised that opin-ion to read that there need not be any difficulty, that all that was required was a little common sense. M. Gustave La-flamme, Morse Brothers' agent for the Isle of France, agreed with that per-fectly. It did nothing to lessen M. La-flamme's gloom.

"My dear friend, you are a young man, from a young nation. Do you not know that common sense, which is as mighty as the philosopher's stone, is just as hard to find? Permit us the lux-ury of making everything as difficult as possible. It is necessary that we show ourselves active, for those who may be our new masters are watching. Whatever was customary must be replaced."

"The duties were high, before. If you replace them with an embargo, just when all these newcomers are flocking to the island, you will certainly starve!"

"Nothing is certain, not even famine. The embargo is imposed or lifted at the discretion of the Governor. Just now, it is in force."

"You are cutting your own throats! Why should we continue to make the Isle of France a port of call, when trade is forbidden?"

"The times being so troubled, trade is a luxury we must forego. You will not be allowed to discharge the cargo of your brig, though there is a brisk demand for it. We are at a crisis, and it is useless to expect reason of us!"

Gideon stared at him. "But, what is to be done?"

"Why, nothing! This is a matter of human stupidity, and therefore nothing can be done."

"I had intended to call upon several of the leading merchants and victuallers."

"I have no doubt that your visit would make them happy. But it would not lift the embargo."

"If we wait a few days . . ."

M. Laflamme shrugged. "Things may be better, or they may be worse."

Gideon pressed him for some prop to his own burning wish. "You would not advise *against* waiting?"

"As a fatalist, no. And being your well-wisher, permit me to hope that you will enjoy your stay."

It was not much, but it lent itself to the advancement of the plan forming in the boy's mind. This capricious embargo might prove a happy accident, after all! With no business to transact, nothing to do but wait, he could devote all his time to Antoinette Desrosiers. As a sort of afterthought, he reminded himself that he could be keeping an eye out for any sign of a change in official policy, any chance to put their cargo ashore. The ban on trade might be revoked tomorrow. He thought he could persuade even Captain Stowe that they ought to wait.

FOR himself, the disruption of normal channels of commerce, the translation of an ancient and mighty kingdom into something new and unpredictable, meant only one thing. He was reasonably assured of a few days with Antoinette, and commerce and kingdoms might well stand aside for that.

He told himself stoutly that other men from Salem had married women from foreign parts. It was not exactly common, but there was precedent for it, ample precedent. And it might please Antoinette to reflect that he was laying at her small and shapely feet not only his own youth but the youth of a nation, that in this lover of hers from across oceans and a continent the New World paid its ardent court to the Old. Wouldn't she see it that way—as the headlong, unreckoning tribute it was, sweeping aside all barriers, speaking with the all-compelling warmth of one young heart to another? Wouldn't she give him her heart, in return—frightened, perhaps, but proud, and tremulously happy?

Gideon Morse had been able to dismiss the Governor's embargo as a passing trifle. But there was nothing trifling about the thoughts agitating his mind now. Hurrying through the streets of Port Louis, his heart beat a tattoo of impatience and eagerness and anticipated bliss. In the words of Captain Stowe, he was crazier than the French.

Antoinette kept him waiting a long time. A servant showed him into a drawingroom, shuttered against the pouring sunlight, and he paced up and down, listening for the least sound from the stairs. A big clock ticked with a mocking deliberation. These long mirrors must often have reflected the girl's grace; her fingers had played across the keys of that harpsichord. The whole room had beheld her daily, while Gideon Morse could only dream of her, on the deck of a ship at sea. It did no good to tell himself that it was only a matter of minutes now until he, too, should behold her. Until she came, until he saw her. . . .

• Tact is good taste in action.
—Diane

When he saw her, it was over her mother's shoulder. Madame Desrosiers preceded her daughter into the room. Gideon cried, "Antoinette!" and the color that rose in the girl's cheeks was warm beauty. But it was at her mother that she glanced, not at him. Belatedly, Gideon made his best bow. "Madame!" he said.

She gave him her hand, cool and very firm. "This visit flatters us, Monsieur Morse! We feared that you might have forgotten your friends on this unhappy island. Tell me at once—have you any late news from France?"

"Only what everyone knows," said Gideon, his eyes adoring a daughter of France. "We have spoken no ship since we left Salem, for Batavia and Canton. A fair passage, all the way here, and. . ."

"Ah, business! I had forgotten that with you it is always business!"

"I assure you, Madame, that it is not! What I meant was that I am the one who must ask for news."

"And we have none, except of our own small affairs."

"Which is precisely what I most wish to hear!"

The tricky turns of French speech came readily enough to his tongue. But he was too apprehensive to find any satisfaction in that. A premonition grew upon him that Madame Desrosiers was only waiting for an opening, that she had not come merely to safeguard her daughter's reputation, and certainly not for the pleasure of greeting one who had never been a favorite of hers. A very handsome woman, Madame Desrosiers —unquestioned mistress of herself, her family, and her household. There was no nonsense about her, not even the memory of impulse or folly. Her eyes were bright because they were always watchful. The firmness of her features mirrored her high regard for discipline, order, obedience. She was female—and French—without being in the least feminine. It was obvious that she had a will of iron.

GIDEON knew by the gleam in this woman's eye that he had given her the opening she wanted. Now it was coming!

"If you really want to hear our news, it is soon told!" said Madame Desrosiers. "Since you were last here, there has been much to cause us profound uneasiness, but I prefer to speak of happier things. With pride and joy, then, I tell you of the engagement of my daughter, Antoinette, to . . ."

Gideon cried, "What?"

". . . to M. Pierre-Auguste Piroteau, the son of a most respectable family here. You think she is too young? She is seventeen, and I was no older when I became the bride of M. Desrosiers. Pierre-Auguste is a young man of promise and with comfortable expectations. All our friends agree that. . ."

Gideon Morse said nothing, while Madame Desrosiers went on talking. He knew that she was enjoying a triumph—an unwelcome suitor put neatly in his place, a young upstart from abroad reminded to keep his distance—and he was sure that nothing would please her better than to have him protest, beg for a hearing, make a spectacle of himself. Well, but he, too, came from a most respectable family, and in Massachusetts, Salem was regarded as no mean city! The grimace that was making his cheeks ache showed to others, he hoped, as a polite smile. Antoinette would not look at him, but if he could have a few minutes alone with her, he might at least get behind the hollow mockery of what her mother was saying. Antoinette! The name beat in his mind until he could hear it as a cry in his ears. And suddenly here was Madame Desrosiers standing up, offering him her hand again. Was he being invited to leave?

But that wasn't it. ". . . that you will make the acquaintance of Pierre-Auguste," she was saying. "And now I

leave you with Antoinette for a little while, for my hairdresser is coming. Perhaps you have something to say to each other."

"Is it true?" Gideon Morse demanded, almost before the door into the hall had closed. "Antoinette, is this true?"

"That I am to be married? Yes, it is true."

"But you promised! A year ago, when I was here last, you promised!"

Antoinette laughed. "When we were both children, or little more! What children we were, I know now, and some day you will know! Aren't you going to congratulate me, Gideon?"

She was smiling, and willing enough now to look at him. Gideon stared, in a kind of horrified fascination. Why, she was more beautiful than ever! The warm light in her eyes, the soft cloud of her hair, the curve of her young bosom—how could all this go hand-in-hand with faithlessness? In a dead, dull voice, he repeated, "You promised!"

Still smiling, Antoinette shrugged. "And if I did? One plays at love before giving one's heart, as little girls play at keeping house before they have houses of their own to keep! It is not more than playing, and not intended to be more. For us, how could it ever have been more?"

"Why should it not have been?"

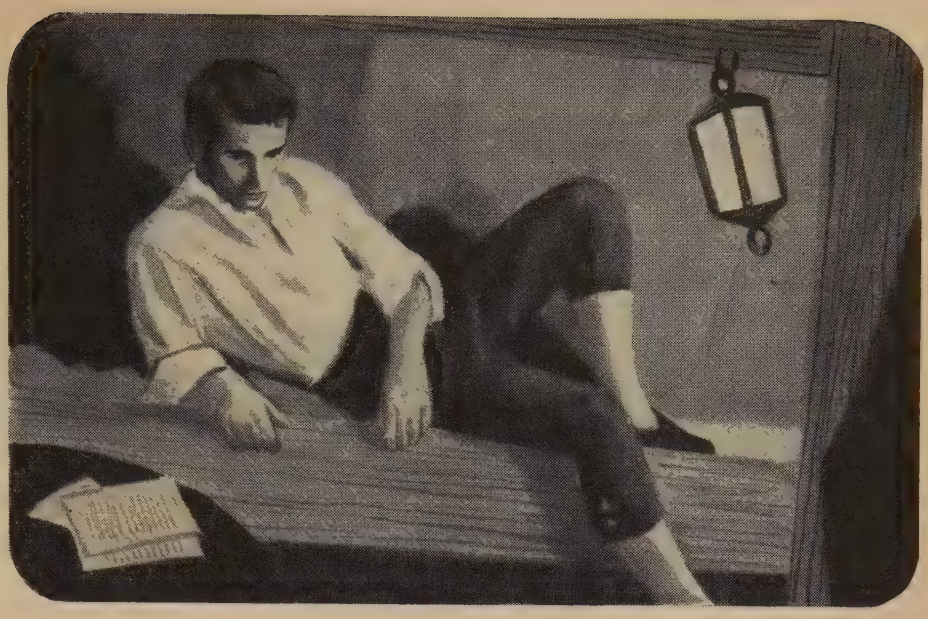
SHE spoke kindly, but with a trace of impatience in her voice. "Why, for reasons that we could not always disregard! In marriage, one goes to one's own—the daughter of a landed man to the son of a landed man. Let us not quarrel, but you come from a family of merchants and a nation of merchants and . . . You see?"

His temper flared up. "From a family and a nation where even children keep their promises!"

Antoinette laughed, and that made him still angrier. "These are things I do not need to explain to Pierre-Auguste," she said. "He takes them for granted, as I do—the way one thinks and feels, the gestures one makes. My dear Gideon, you must really not be angry! Some day, you will be grateful to me for being a little cruel to you now!"

He was not in the least grateful for the assurance, nor for her assumption of a superior wisdom and experience. Neither did he relish the reminder that he was a crassly commercial fellow, and one of a nation wholly bent upon gain. The fact was that Gideon Morse, whose heart had pounded with his longing only an hour ago, was now in a cold rage.

He brought himself to brush Antoinette's hand with his lips, but he spoke not another word. He strode from that room and from that house without looking back. Bah, the French! They thought that trade, with all its risks and adventures around the world, was sordid. But they exulted when one of their daughters married a man with "comfortable expectations!" Antoinette's mother exulted, and so did Antoinette, herself. She was her mother over again, as like as two peas in a pod! He could see that now.



Gideon lay wakeful and restless most of the night

Aboard the "Nestor," his early return caused mild wonder in the mind of John Pratt, who was not easily surprised. He could guess by the boy's manner what had happened, and he asked no questions. It didn't seem so long ago that he had broken his own heart over a pretty girl in a strange port, and he wondered idly how many thousands of other young fellows had done the same thing since first men followed the sea. Gideon Morse was too old to shed tears; the likelihood was that, alone in the brig's cabin, he was now taking his first vows as a misogynist.

The weather was darkening, to match the boy's mood. The sultry air sprang at them in fitful gusts, fell back, and pounced again from another quarter. The chop of the harbor slapped against the brig's sides, and the rising mutter in John Pratt's ears meant that seas were beginning to break on the protecting reef. This might be a rough night for small craft, fishermen and coasters, caught at sea and trying to make port before the full fury of the storm burst upon them.

Evidently, it had not been a propitious day to go ashore at Port Louis. Captain Stowe came back to his ship exasperated, fulminating against the French. Only the threatening weather and the need to take on fresh water in the morning prevented him from setting sail at once.

"An embargo, to feed their importance!" he exploded to John Pratt. "They're very apt to starve, and the next lot of jacks-in-office may cut off the heads of these present boobies, but they've got to have an embargo! Don't talk to me of French gallantry and French logic and genius! The only genius the French have is for digging their own grave and then leaping into it! I wash my hands of them!"

"I take it, we shan't need to get the hatch-covers off?"

"Short of a miracle, no! The French are much too busy contriving their own destruction to think of trade!"

ALL night the brig tugged at her moorings, as if impatient to be gone from these lunatics. Captain Stowe was so taken up with the shortcomings of the French that he only grunted when he learned that their supercargo was back on board. Here was the voyage off to the worst possible start—time wasted and no business done, and not a word of sense to be got out of that lot ashore. The worst of it would be trying to explain to the owners, once back in Salem, how such a state of affairs was possible. The owners expected trade, and profits. Captain Stowe wished devoutly that the owners might have a long look at the Isle of France as it was just now.

The embargo had already operated to reduce the amount of shipping, and the harbor of Port Louis was half-empty. The "Nestor" lay far out, toward the reef. Beyond that protecting barrier there was nothing but the small islands,

En Route

►The only hotel in the little town was located close to the railway terminal, but the salesman was tired.

"All our rooms are modern, completely soundproofed," the desk assured him. "You won't hear a sound all night." Wearily, the traveling man signed the register.

In the middle of the night he was awakened by the noise of an east-bound train. He was unable to get back to sleep for two hours as freight engines chugged and tooted and shunted boxcars around the yards with tremendous, building-shaking crashes. Finally, losing patience, the salesman grabbed the phone.

"Yes, sir?" asked the clerk, "Is anything wrong?"

"Not at all," shouted the irate guest. "I just wondered what time this hotel gets to New York."

—Thomas P. Ramirez

five miles, ten miles out to sea. Lights twinkled from scattered dwellings there at night, while the storm beat at them.

It was not because of the storm, but Gideon Morse lay wakeful and restless most of the night. Forgetting Antoinette, putting her resolutely out of his mind, required uncommon application! An assortment of cutting remarks had occurred to him, too late for use. The account had been closed, but without being settled, and this summary treatment of it left him profoundly dissatisfied. Antoinette was still a ghost to be laid, a spirit to be exorcized, before peace could return to his mind. For the soul of him, he could not see how it was to be done! He was still thinking about it when, with the first, watery daylight beginning to come, he fell asleep.

He awoke to a general commotion. It arose not from the "Nestor" but from the whole harbor, from the wharves to the reef, and it was mostly shouting. The word he heard endlessly repeated, in every accent of urgency and alarm, was *naufrage* — shipwreck. Presently, with the glass, he made out the wreck.

IT was a small sloop, and the single mast had snapped when it struck that isolated ledge of coral. Gideon uttered an exclamation. "Why, there's a man clinging to it!"

"That's what all the excitement is about," said John Pratt. "I was talking to some bumboatmen just at dawn. They'd been out to try a rescue, but they nearly got drowned themselves, like all the others who tried. The sloop struck during the night. That young fellow you can still see was alone in it, crossing from one of those islands his family owns, to see his girl. A very important family, everyone says. The young fellow's name is Piroteau, Pierre-Auguste Piroteau, and whoever rescues him can ask for . . . Here, look out!"

He was in time to catch the telescope. For a moment Gideon Morse stood stock-still, with his face working queerly. Then he rushed off aft, where the dory still swung in the brig's lee, slid down the rope, cast off the painter, and snatched up the oars. The dory went dancing across the comparative calm of the harbor, making for the gap.

John Pratt had no time for adequate wonder. What mattered just now was the progress the boy made, not the reason for it. A dozen sturdier craft had been beaten back already, and the gale had not yet reached its peak. The dory bobbed steadily toward the noisy welter beyond the reef, and Pratt felt rather than saw that it gradually gathered to itself the attention of the whole harbor and of the throng along the breakwater. At the gap, it sprang like a live thing to meet the waves of the open ocean. Gideon took it through, and began picking his way toward the wreck.

The French marveled, because they had never seen a Massachusetts dory in rough water before. But John Pratt marveled because he had seen hundreds, and seen them handled by masters. Gideon made a place for himself among those masters, in wind and water off the Isle of France. He made his dory hover and wait while a wave swept past, made it leap nimbly before the next wave could swamp it. He found a path for it through tumbling seas that were intent upon drowning him. He crept closer to the broken sloop and the young man clinging to it. And when he vanished suddenly from the sight of all those watching, it was because he had run in under the lee of the ledge that held the sloop and was ordering Pierre-Auguste Piroteau to lie flat on the bottom of the dory. Going back, they would have the seas behind them.

And going back, the dory mounted the first of those seas and raced for the gap in the reef as a horseman gallops toward an open gate. It needed only quick touches with the oars to keep it on its course. Pratt put the telescope down and rubbed his aching arms. It was not just those hundreds of Frenchmen; the "Nestor's" men were jumping up and down and cheering, too. And well they might, as Gideon brought the dory speeding into the harbor. A young man with comfortable expectations had just been saved from drowning, from death on a knife-edged reef.

John Pratt hurried across the deck, shouting to the crew to lower a boat, to take him ashore at once. Captain Stowe was at his heels, and they shared the stern-sheets, on the way to the nearest wharf. The air quivered and beat with waves of cheering. From nowhere, dignitaries were hurrying to the scene—the harbor master, the Governor himself. A crowd of watermen snatched at the gunwales of Gideon's dory as it slid to a stop and carried him and Pierre-Auguste Piroteau up the stone steps, shoulder-high.

BECAUSE they stood near, Captain Stowe and the mate could hear what the Governor said. ". . . the freedom of the city and the whole island to this gallant foreigner! For him, and for the ship in which he sails, we deem it an honor to lift the embargo on trade, to remit all dues, fees, and charges! Let his cargo be put ashore without impediment or hindrance, as a very slight token of our gratitude and our admiration. So daring an exploit, which has ravished us all with wonder!"

The Captain nudged John Pratt. "It's that young limb of a Gideon Morse the old fellow's talking about," he whispered, on a note of utter incredulity. "Gideon's got us the right to trade here, and . . . !"

"Wait!" said John Pratt. "It's Gideon's turn now! They want him to say something!"

The boy's words fell in a silence more complete than that accorded to the Governor's speech. Gideon took three steps and bowed before a dark-eyed, dark-haired girl whom he had once thought it would be impossible to put out of his mind. *"Mademoiselle,"* he said, *"j'ai l'honneur, moi, un marchand, de vous faire . . . "*

The French saw in it only an inexpressibly charming and delicate gesture. If they noticed the sternness in the young face and voice, they ascribed it to the effect of his recent exertions, to that strain which made Mademoiselle Desrosiers' face white, too, and her eyes wide as if with panic. "Mademoiselle," said Gideon Morse, "I have the honor, I, a merchant, to make you a present of the life of Monsieur Piroteau!"

Then the cheering began again.

Stage and Screen

* *

by **JERRY COTTER**

The New Plays

Irving Berlin's satiric musical, **CALL ME MADAM,** gains luster in transition to screen form. Technicolor, the camera's wider range, and the addition of such Hollywood assets as Donald O'Connor, Vera-Ellen, and George Sanders make it a humorous and zestful charade. Ethel Merman, in a slightly veiled caricature of Perle Mesta, is vigorously amusing as the lady diplomat and bellows the Berlin ballads in what has become her own inimitable style. The score is lilting and gay, without falling into the clichés of the too-familiar musicomedy tunes; the choreography is spirited and fresh; and the theme remains topical and tasteful despite our change of political regime. Literate, exuberant, and whimsical, this melodic spoof of international relations is almost certain to please the fun lovers in every age bracket. (20th Century-Fox)

PORGY AND BESS, George Gershwin's modern folk opera, seems to increase in stature with each presentation. In the current revival, the fifth since it opened on Broadway in 1935, a truly magnificent cast brings out the beauty, the strength, and the melody of the Gershwin score as no other group ever has. In the staging by producer Robert Breen, the production also reaches a new and stirring height of artistry. He has given freshness and fluidity to a complex work which might easily have become artificial and confused.

The tone is almost primitive in the Dubose Heyward libretto, and there are some scenes in which the action may seem too unrestrained, but for the most part the mood is a tragic one and the people pathetic. The inhabitants of Catfish Row are heroic, weak, good, and evil, but they are also striving and sincere. Other than its tug at the emotions, there is little of value here as a social document. It sets out to tell a folk story of a tragic romance and succeeds in doing that quite splendidly.

Not a little of the credit belongs to Leslie Scott and Leontyne Price who sing the title roles with tremendous effect and bring a surprising eloquence to the dramatic passages. Cab Calloway is adding clever touches to the malevolent role of "Sportin' Life," and every member of the cast measures up with superb vocal and convincing dramatic contributions.

Ethel Merman (shown with George Sanders) is an amusing lady diplomat in "Call Me Madam"

BRIGHT ROAD is a wistful and completely winning movie version of Mary Elizabeth Vroman's Christopher Award story, *See How They Run.* In simple, sensitive terms, it sketches a portrait of a young Negro teacher, her pupils, and the behavior problems they meet and face together. There isn't a line of dialogue or a scene which might come under the heading of "propaganda" for better race relations, yet stories and movies like this will accomplish more to improve those relations than any number of impassioned tracts or fiery speeches. Beautiful in its simplicity, and impressive because it accomplishes so much, this is a production you won't soon forget. Emmet Lavery has prepared a splendid screenscript from Miss Vroman's story, and Gerald Mayer's direction is equally important in creating a sympathetic and entertaining movie. Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonte are splendid as the principal adults involved, but the main honors belong to young Philip Hepburn, whose work as the ragged, hungry eleven-year-old illuminates the entire film. (M-G-M)

Tennessee Williams, who exhibited a brilliant talent in *The Glass Menagerie* but has failed to duplicate it since, reaches what many feel to be a new artistic low in **CAMINO REAL.** Although staged and acted with commendable skill, the fantasy fails because the author has carried symbolism to ridiculous extremes in detailing a warped philosophy of life. It is a neurotic, melancholy series of vignettes, often verging on the psychopathic. There is little hope and no spiritual substance in what Williams has to say and less reason for the playgoer to seek out its bleak and sordid message.

A pleasant family-type color musical, **SMALL TOWN GIRL** springs along at a fairly fast gait, with songs, dances, and comedy adding to a likeable, lightweight plot. Jane Powell has the title role, as the daughter of a judge who has just sentenced a wealthy young man to a 30-day speeding term. Farley Granger is the lad, and others who figure in the proceedings are Robert Kieth, Ann Miller, Billie Burke, Fay Wray, and Nat King Cole. Conventional, but entertaining. (M-G-M)

Some scenes in **SALOME** are handled with intelligence and reverence, but they cannot compensate for the film's historical inaccuracies and obvious attempt to capitalize on the sensual. With Rita Hayworth, Charles Laughton, Judith Anderson, and Stewart Granger as marquee magnets, the script proceeds to weave a familiar-style romance into the story of John the Baptist's persecution by Herod. As might be expected, the "highlight" of the picture is the dance of Salome in which Miss Hayworth strikes serpentine attitudes, climaxed by an expression of utter horror as John's head is brought forth on a platter. There is also a misty-eyed fade-out as Salome and Roman Commander, Claudius, stand on the fringe of the crowd listening to the Sermon on the Mount. For all its lush spectacle and pretensions, this is a distinct disappointment. (Columbia)

LILI is an intriguing and sentimental piece of whimsy set in a French carnival. It deals with the metamorphosis of an orphan girl who fails at her job as waitress with the show, then joins a puppet act and carries on fascinating philosophical conversations with the dolls. The thread of romance weaves around the girl's infatuation for a handsome magician and her eventual realization that the crippled puppeteer she had disliked is really the heart and mind of the puppets she loves. Leslie Caron handles the poignant role with unsuspected skill, and every member of the cast is excellent. The puppetry scenes are especially charming in this cleverly conceived adult fantasy. (M-G-M)

THE BLUE GARDENIA is a routine mystery in which a newspaper columnist solves a baffling murder and then sets out to prove that the girl he has accused is innocent. Developed and played with a lack of spark and originality, this is further handicapped by a persistent reliance on suggestiveness. Anne Baxter and Richard Conte play uninteresting characters as they were written, but Ann Sothern provides a few pert moments. Not worth your time. (Warner Bros.)

If science-fantasy material holds you spellbound, then George Pal's production, **WAR OF THE WORLDS**, will get an enthusiastic endorsement. It tops anything ever done in this fabulous field, as the movie technicians depict the results when men from Mars migrate to our planet and attempt to take over. Tension is often close to the breaking point in this imaginative adaptation of the H. G. Wells book. Photography is outstanding throughout, and the players represent varying degrees of fear and surprise in adequate fashion. (Paramount)

The happy teaming of Bob Hope and Mickey Rooney results in a broadly amusing farce built around Army life as it is not. **OFF LIMITS** plays havoc with logic, but it consistently borders on the riotous as Rooney impersonates an ambitious boxer and Hope fumbles through as the lad's swaggering manager. In and out of uniform, the team reaches some new highs in hilarity, surprisingly restrained in tone so that the whole family can enjoy their antics. (Paramount)

★ *School principal Harry Belafonte questions Philip Hepburn in a scene from "Bright Road"*

Rachel L. Carson's best-seller, **THE SEA AROUND US**, has been translated into equally striking screen terms. All the mysteries of the deep have not been uncovered by Miss Carson, nor by the oceanographers and scientists whose filmed exploits have been blended in this film. However, a sufficient amount of exotic and scientific material is included to make this one of the most fascinating documentary movies you'll ever see. (RKO-Radio)

A routine tale of heroism in the chaos of Korea, **BATTLE CIRCUS** is mainly concerned with the part played by a mobile surgical unit. Humphrey Bogart is a hard-bitten front line Army doctor, and June Allyson a young nurse working in one of the temporary hospitals. The romance, which inevitably blooms, is hardly convincing, and the picture unfortunately strikes several additional snags in its fuzzy moral evaluations. (M-G-M)

Sigmund Romberg's classic operetta, **THE DESERT SONG**, has been revived once too often. Kathryn Grayson and Gordon MacRae trill their desert solos and duets in acceptable voice, but the thrill is gone. The plot maneuvers are ridiculous enough to set the audience snickering in the wrong places, and Raymond Massey is outlandish and uncomfortable as a Sahara sheik with villainous aims. This is merely a third-rate Western yarn, with turbans replacing ten-gallon hats. (Warner Bros.)

When a determined matron decides she wants a mink coat, and her husband cannot afford same, she starts her own little mink farm. At least that's the way it goes in **THE LADY WANTS MINK**, a frothy comedy without much substance but a considerable amount of absurdity. Ruth Hussey makes the mink breeder less annoying than the writers of the screenplay did, while Dennis O'Keefe is properly harrassed as the husband who is carried away on a cloud of bucolic bliss once the initial shock is conquered. Eve Arden, Tommy Rettig, and William Demarest, plus a tribe of minks, add to the gaiety. An enjoyable family frolic. (Republic)

Booth Tarkington's "Penrod" stories have provided a solid basis for a good many movies and plays. Latest is **BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON**, a pleasantly sketched

★ *Edith Adams and Rosalind Russell in "Wonderful Town"*

★ *Pier Angeli and Ricardo Montalban are sweethearts in "Sombrero," story of modern Mexico*

Technicolor musical with Doris Day and Gordon MacRae lending minuscule acting ability and considerable vocal appeal to the leads. The nostalgic note is provided in the post World War I setting, the costumes, the songs and the manners of the period. Amusing, without a serious scene to mar the view, this will undoubtedly lure the sentimentalists, the barbershop quartets, and those members of the family circle who prefer toe-tapping to brain-racking. (Warner Bros.)

MAN ON A TIGHTROPE is a topical thriller dealing with the efforts of a Czechoslovakian circus owner to get his mountebanks across the iron border to freedom. Filmed in Europe on the very brink of the Red abyss, this gains realism and effective suspense from its backgrounds. Storywise, it is a strong indictment of police-state methods wrapped up in a melodramatic chase formula that does hold adult interest most of the time. The cast, headed by Frederic March, Gloria Grahame, Adolphe Menjou, Terry Moore, and Cameron Mitchell, is excellent. Some might wish to see the political issues given greater stress, but the relentless course of the Communist-controlled state is underscored quite ably. (20th Century-Fox)

Visual appeal, fine portrayals, interesting backgrounds and a workable blend of comedy, tragedy, and heavy drama mark **SOMBRERO** as unusual adult fare. Modern Mexico provides the backdrop for a script based on a novel by Josefina Niggli. There are three interrelated episodes in the plot, involving a variety of Mexican characters and scenes. Photography is especially fine, and the performances of Ricardo Montalban, Pier Angeli, Cyd Charisse, and Rick Jason are splendid. Jose Greco adds to the fiesta spirit with a colorful flamenco dance, in this unique adult canvas of life in rural Mexico. (M-G-M)

The Third Dimension

The current, well-publicized Hollywood furor over the arrival of third-dimension movies seems a bit premature. At least until a practical, uniform system has been evolved which will give the illusion of a rounded image and, at the same time, prove valuable as an adjunct in telling the screen story. Novelty is always intriguing to a jaded public, but Hollywood should bear in mind that no mechanical process or technical development is a permanent substitute for sound story values. The answer to public disinterest is not Cinerama, Cinemascope, or polaroid glasses. It is only through the continued production of movies that elevate, entertain, or educate that the screen will fulfill its function. The welcome addition of width and depth are important only insofar as they aid that purpose.

Playguide

FOR THE FAMILY:	(On Tour) *Mrs. McThing*
FOR ADULTS:	*John Brown's Body; Wonderful Town; The King and I; Time Out for Ginger; Dial M for Murder; Midsummer; Misalliance; On Borrowed Time*
	(On Tour) *Affairs of State; Oklahoma*
PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE:	*The Moon is Blue; New Faces; The Seven-Year Itch; An Evening with Beatrice Lillie; Guys and Dolls; Wish You Were Here; The Fourposter; Hazel Flagg; South Pacific; Love of Four Colonels; Porgy and Bess*
	(On Tour) *Gigi; Paris 90; Point of No Return; The Male Animal; Stalag 17; Top Banana; The Shrike; Country Girl; Call Me Madam; Bell, Book and Candle*
COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE:	*Pal Joey; Two's Company; Time of the Cuckoo; Picnic; Camino Real*
	(On Tour) *The Constant Wife; I am a Camera; Good Night Ladies, Maid in the Ozarks; White Cargo; Tobacco Road; Mister Roberts*

France Has Her Fingers Crossed

France has much to offer Europe's defense community. Why has her enthusiasm cooled? Can NATO alone reconcile strange bedfellows?

Germany's Konrad Adenauer, Italy's Alcide de Gasperi, and Robert Schuman of France tried for a united Europe

UP TO a point there was about the gleaming oval of the dinner table a festiveness, a sense of warmth, a pleasure of being together, which marks any reunion around a meal in Paris. The *Sole Normande* melted on one's tongue. The dialogue was quick, light, and anecdotic. The women, dressed by the masters of the *Haute Couture*, looked exquisitely personal and feminine. But all of a sudden they drew their huge stoles up around their shoulders as though they were cold. The candlelight seemed dimmer. Guarded and reproachful glances were directed at me, the only American at the feast. Someone had mentioned NATO.

Our hostess raised a jeweled hand. She did not want her party to be spoiled by a political discussion. But already the fatal words exploded into the air: "German rearmament—the Americans—French security—the Boches will fall upon us again—American Germany-firstisms—the Russian menace—the neo-Nazi menace—the Americans don't understand us—French security . . . "

Why did the French become less and less enthusiastic and more and more contradictory members of the European defense community? Back in America, I knew, this question was discussed with an impatience bordering on dismay. Since we had staked our whole foreign policy and billions of dollars on the assumption that the way of combating the Russian menace was to unite the free nations and to pool their spiritual, material, and military resources, it was distressing that the plan had hardly advanced beyond the blue print stage. In fact, while the fate of Europe, and of the European army, hinged on the co-operation between France and Germany, co-operation seemed further off than ever. It had become fashionable to blame the French for this sorry state of affairs. The French, the arguments ran, still hated the Germans so much, that they could not bear the thought of a German revival.

Actually, from what I learned in the course of this and many similar discussions, I should say that the French hated the Germans much less than could be expected. There was a sincere desire to find a lasting *modus vivendi* with Germany. But this desire was counterbalanced by a profound fear of German aggression.

"You Americans!" a well-known writer turned to me at the dinner table. "You always tell us to let bygones be bygones, but how can we forget two German invasions of our country within one generation? How can we forget them, when there is no family in France which had not someone killed in one of the two wars?"

And a sad-eyed woman in a Balenciaga dress said: "How can we forget what the Germans did to us and what they made us do to each other?"

And our host said in an undertone and almost apologetically: "You must understand, madame, that nearly everybody at this table wears the mark of the German occupation."

The sad-eyed woman and her husband, it came out, had their only son murdered near their country place. A youngish man with a sensitive face of extreme pallor had survived the Mauthausen concentration camp but was slowly dying of a mysterious illness he had contracted there. The writer's wife had been beaten and tortured by France's own Gestapo-trained militia. Our host himself was dragged from prison to prison, and it was sheer luck and guts that his wife succeeded in jumping from the train which was to take her East.

I had thought that I knew all about German atrocities in France. But it was one thing to know about atrocities in terms of half forgotten newspaper reports and another thing to meet the victims thereof in the flesh around a normal, pleasant, dinner table. Presently I found myself saying that in view of all they had to take from them, the wonder was perhaps not, as we thought in the U. S., that the French hated the Germans so much but that they hated them so little.

Having lived in France after the first world war, I was constantly amazed at

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by ***COUNTESS WALDECK***

Photos from United Press, International, Black Star, and French Information Service

Rene Pleven proposed his own plan for a supranational European army

French Information Service

France has a worthwhile NATO contribution

the friendliness with which the Germans were received in France after the second one. From 1918 to 1925, a Boche "was a Boche was a Boche," in Paris, and he was met with icy reserve. The turning point came only with the treaty of Locarno which promised a new era of Franco-German understanding. Considering that the French had suffered much more in this war than in the last one, I expected that they would have even less use for the Germans than before. But I was wrong. There was no seven year interval of aloofness this time. Already in 1948 Paris restaurants were full of German businessmen. German conductors got wild ovations at the Opera.

"Paradoxical as it may sound," the writer explained, "it's the occupation that did it. It may not be politically opportune to acknowledge the pleasant side of the occupation, but it existed and it had a lasting effect on Franco-German relations."

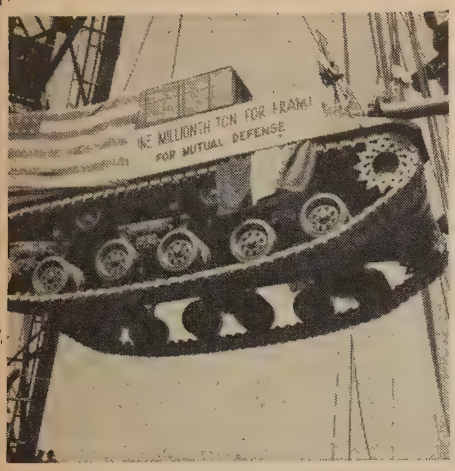
Across and beyond the humiliations and torments of the invasion, he went on, some unforgettable human contacts had been formed. French women found that they could love German soldiers. French intellectuals found that they had much in common with German intellectuals. And everybody appreciated the German military who, up to the last moment did their best to mitigate or cancel the terror of the Gestapo.

There were quite a few people who claimed the honor of having saved Paris from destruction. Actually it would seem that the preservation of this luminous city was a collective effort of men who knew what was due to European civilization. That two of the these men were German Generals was a consoling thought.

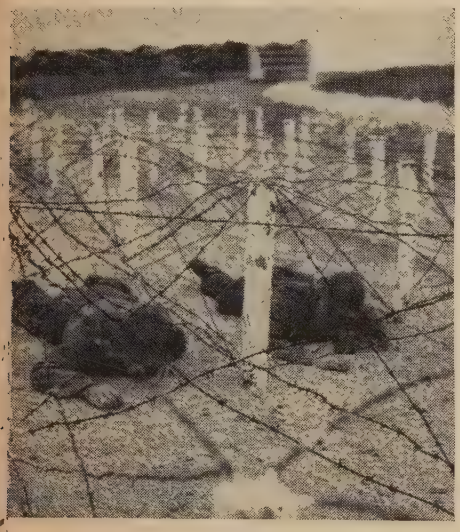
"That's just the point," the writer concluded, "the Germans are at least Europeans. Which is another reason why we now try so much harder than after the first war to make friends with them. There exists a new European consciousness which was lacking then. It is the reaction both to the Russian menace and to the American encroachment."

With a view to tactfully diverting the discussion our host began to talk rapidly about the Schuman plan, as being the shining symbol of this new European consciousness. On the surface nothing more than a project to pool all French and German coal and steel production, it constituted the most imaginative gesture of reconciliation ever made in the long history of discord between France and Germany.

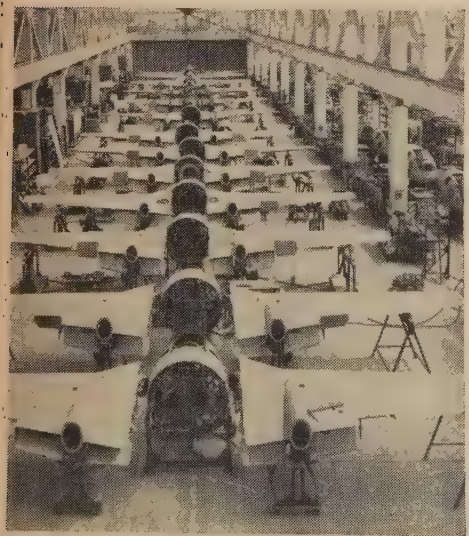
It was lucky that the postwar had produced this triumvirate of truly European statesmen: Robert Schuman, then still French foreign minister; the German Chancellor, Konrad Adenauer; and the Italian Premier, Alcide de Gasperi. It was significant that all three were devout Catholics. Robert Schuman was a daily communicant. They approached the problem of European unity in the spirit of the Holy Roman Empire in whose geographical space and historical tradition all three had their roots. The



France has received a million tons of defense assistance from the U. S.



Meanwhile French troops have put themselves into earnest training



Photos from French Information Service

France's own assembly lines work through in all-out defense effort

trouble was that their enlightened leadership did not in itself produce a European society.

There was a tense little pause before the writer said finally: "No, we are still keen on Franco-German co-operation and European unity, but we can't swallow the German rearmament which the Americans have forced down our throats."

What it all boiled down to, was this: The French had been all for the Schuman plan because they hoped that this and other economic partnership devices might gradually lead to a state of mutual trust and reconciliation from which a political and defensive alliance could develop in due time. But this cautious and logical process was rudely disturbed when in September of 1950, Secretary of State Acheson, out of the blue, proposed to create German units as part of Western defense here and now. Although resentful of the Americans forcing their hand, the French did accept their major premise, namely that there could be no effective western defense without German participation. However, they demanded safeguards. The dubious offshoot of American haste and pressure and French halfhearted acquiescence was the so-called Pleven plan, called after the then French Premier, and proposing a supranational European army. For a while the French bravely endeavored to resign themselves to that European army plan as to the lesser of two evils. But as time went on their fear and distrust of the Germans returned with a vengeance.

What upset them first of all was the discovery that preciously little was left of the original Pleven plan, after the allies were through with it. Stripped of most of its supranational features, it didn't guarantee any real integration of the German units into the European defense force.

"If there is something we fear more than Germany," said the man who had survived Mauthausen, "it is the American policy in Germany." And he added darkly that there had been all along forces at work in Washington, specially *"dans le Pentagon,"* which gave German reconstruction the priority over French reconstruction and favored German leadership of western Europe not only economically and politically but also militarily. And trust the Germans to capitalize on their new gained importance, laying down conditions for their participation in the European army and throwing their weight around as though they had never lost a war!

Prudently ignoring the accusation of American Firstism, I pointed out, that since we all wanted the Germans to go to bat in defense of western civilization, we were bound to give them equal rights in the various international agencies sooner or later.

"But will the Germans really go to bat for western civilization?" the writer asked.

Here at last was the $64 question, and you had only to look at the faces around the table to know the unanimous verdict was, "No, they will not!"

Our host countered. There was one thing the Germans would fight for, and this was a reunited Germany. The urge to recoup the territories east of the Oder-Neisse line was bound to make itself more and more pressing. No vanquished people would ever resign itself to territorial losses imposed by the victors, especially when millions of refugees gave the question a highly emotional flavor. Once they were rearmed and full-fledged members of the western defense community one of two things would happen. The Germans would drag the entire European army into a war against Russia and Poland for the purpose of regaining their lost lands. Or they would doublecross the West if an alliance with Russia held out the promise of reunification without a war. From where he sat, it looked like sheer madness to expect that a mutilated Germany hellbent on reunification would fight the battles of the West. It was much more likely that she would gang up with Russia and fall upon France, as she always did. . .

"You must admit, Madame," he concluded, "the American notion that the fear of Russia should replace our fear of Germany doesn't make sense. The fear of Russia can only heighten our fear of Germany."

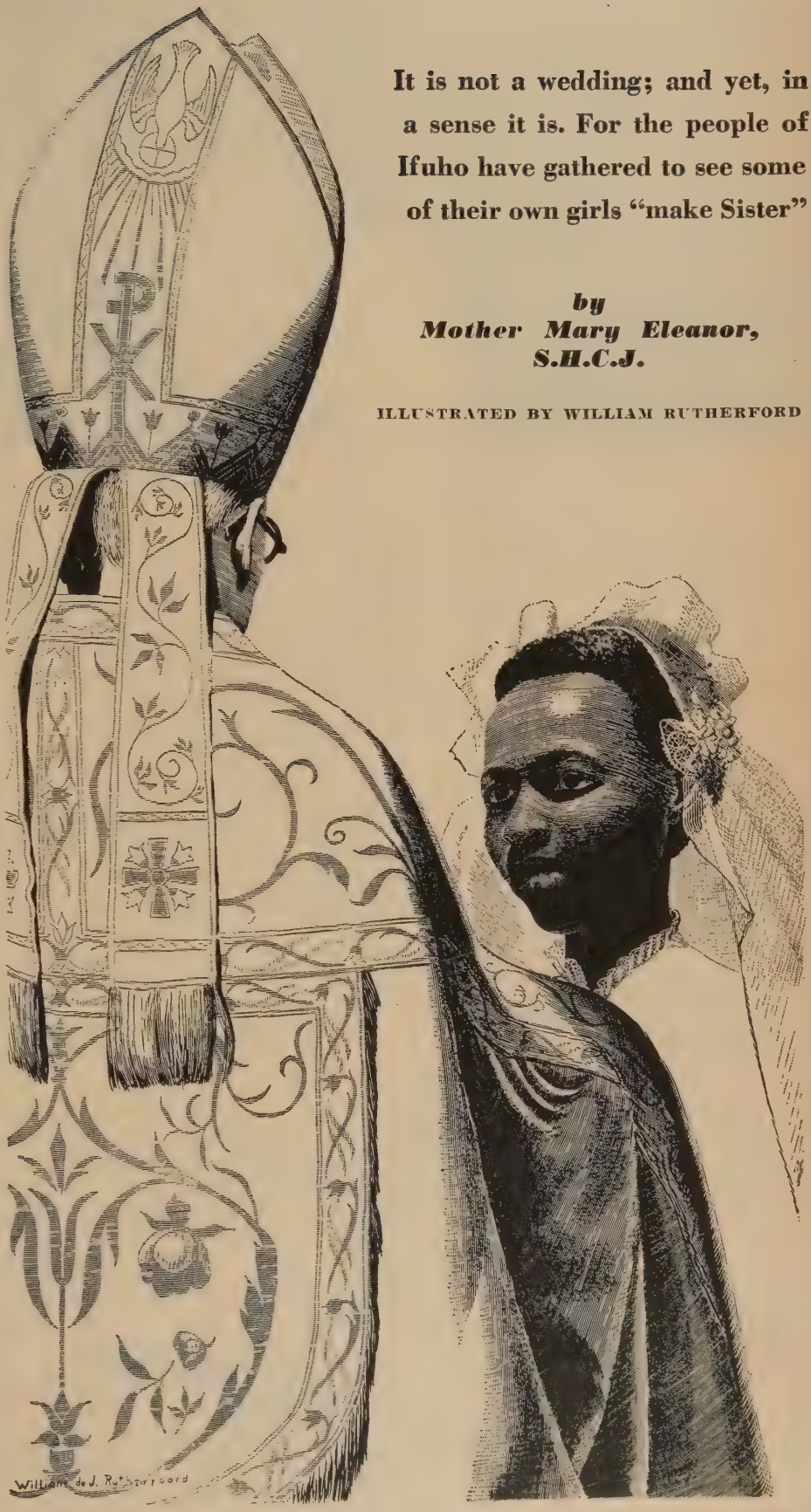
THERE was little I could say to counter this argument. From what I had seen and heard in Germany, I had to admit she was an uncertain country. Her astonishing material comeback covered an uncanny spiritual vacuum. I often wondered whether there was a single idea the Germans were ready to live and die for. However, it was a mistake to give up all hope. The overwhelming majority of the German people was deadly afraid of Russia (not so much of Communism as of the Asiatic hordes which had behaved in an abominably unhousebroken fashion when invading their country). They would vastly prefer to go it with the West. The task was to make them feel belonging to the West. And that's where NATO and the European Federation came in. Only when firmly embraced within their framework, was Germany likely to forget her separate national aspirations and console herself over her lost territories. Only within NATO and a European Federation could she become a reliable partner of the West.

What do you ask, My Daughter?

It is not a wedding; and yet, in a sense it is. For the people of Ifuho have gathered to see some of their own girls "make Sister"

by
Mother Mary Eleanor, S.H.C.J.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM RUTHERFORD



SOMETHING important is going to happen in the Chapel of the Prince of Peace at Ifuho. The people of Ifuho are all there—as many as can crowd into the benches. Others are peering in at the windows, jostling each other to get close enough to see. There are women in native Nigerian *bubbas* and *lappas* and in long flowing robes and feathered crowns—solemn yet barefoot. There are school girls in neat school uniforms, their black faces beaming as they rustle their sheets of music, ready to sing. Everywhere there are babies, in nothing but a string of beads, with bright-colored clay rubbed into their fuzzy heads. They sit on their mother's laps, scramble around on the floor, spill out into the aisles. Since early morning the people have been coming in from the bush, with bundles on their heads, gifts for the "brides."

No, this is not a wedding; and yet, in a sense, it is. For the people of Ifuho have gathered to see some of their own girls "make Sister." It is a strange, poignant thing to be happening in the heart of the bush—important for more than Ifuho. A miracle of grace is going to happen, and only God knows how far its influence may reach through the Mystical Body of Christ.

A very black little altar boy in a bright red cassock comes proudly out to light the candles. At his entrance there is a general stir in the Chapel of the Prince of Peace. Scores of black eyes are on him, silently helping him, as he wrestles with a recalcitrant wick. At last it takes fire and flames up. There is a sigh of relief from the crowded benches. Everyone in the room has been lighting that candle. It will be that way all through the ceremony. It is going to be everyone's Clothing. That is a part of its significance. It dramatizes the fact that Chris-

Africa needs the Sisters to teach, to nurse, to train. And Africa needs them to pray

tianity means *giving*, that it is a whole new way of life.

Suddenly from the cloistered veranda outside there are voices singing, and everyone grows still, as African voices chant the Magnificat in age-old Gregorian. There is silence—except for the babies. Necks are craned. First comes a cross-bearer, then Sisters with lighted candles, then white-veiled novices, then the "brides." They are dressed like brides, in long, white dresses and bridal veils, sent out from America in one of those bulging trunks which so delight missionary hearts. They are not new dresses—that does not matter. They are beautiful to those who wear them and those who watch; and each veil is carried by a tiny black mite of a flower girl in a white dress and veil. Last come the clergy, in all the pomp and panoply that the Church can give her children in their moment of espousal. A bishop in cope and mitre brings up the rear.

HEAT shimmers in the sanctuary, where the habits of the "brides" are laid out to be blessed. Heat hangs like a heavy curtain above the altar. The palm tree motif carved on the altar by a native craftsman seems a perfect symbol for the peace of Christ, here in this tropic land. It is the peace of Christ these people are groping for, sitting there on those crowded benches.

Veni Creator Spiritus intones the bishop, and the mellow African voices take up the chant. Surely, the Holy Spirit must have His part in this. It is a daring thing to be doing—to take the beautiful, austere path of the three vows straight from the bush. Souls with centuries of Christianity behind them need much grace to do it— and here are these children from little mud houses, a stone's throw from the ju-ju shrine, venturing to ask to embark upon it!

They usually come first as shy, beaming school girls to whisper their big secret to one of their own people—one of the native Sisters or teachers in the school. She will understand all the sharp, inarticulate yearning, the clumsy joy at the first touch of grace. She will understand too about the problems that will follow. She will know how to advise about the big palaver that will take place when the father and mother are told. She will know all about the need for money to pay back the dowry already long since received from the intended husband. There will have to be many tears shed upon her ample shoulder before the way is made smooth.

Then the little aspirant will set about penning a letter in her best handwriting to Reverend Mother. "Dear Mother," writes one of them—the daughter of the Headman of Ndom Ebom. She is lucky, for she comes from a Christian home. "I am the child of Christian parents. I am fifteen years of age, and I am in the Fourth Class now. I am the third daughter of my father. I spoke to them once that I do not like to marry as my other sisters. I wish to do a little service for Christ. My father and my mother after thinking deeply gave their consent. . . . I am ready to come to the convent at the end of the year. . . . . I wish you to think the matter over deeply."

And so, as she is bid. Reverend Mother "thinks it over deeply." There is generosity and good will in this little black child of God, who wants to be His bride as well. But is she far enough from bush ways? Life in the little mud huts is not a good preparation for religious regularity. Can she live her life in obedience? Can she tame down appetite, discipline desire, and live by the sound of the bell? It is a hard schooling for little black novices. "Reverend Mother dear," wrote one, to an absent Superior, "I can not express to you how I like my noviceship, but to tell you the truth, I am still finding things very hard." But she added, "I am not discouraged at all."

REVEREND Mother "thinks it over deeply." Sometimes she says no; sometimes she says wait. But when she says yes, there is great rejoicing on the part of the little aspirant. She packs her few belongings into an enamel basin, balances it on her head, says good-by to the inhabitants of the little mud village which is her home, and sets off through the bush for the convent. Then, if she perseveres, as most of them do— (twenty-nine out of thirty-one have done so in this recently founded congregation) the great day of her espousal comes, and she stands in her bridal dress to be interrogated by the bishop.

"Quid petis, filia me?" he asks in the age-old formula. "What do you ask, my daughter?"

"The grace of God," she answers in carefully drilled Latin, kneeling before the bishop in the sanctuary, "and the holy habit of religion. . . . "

The silence deepens in that crowded place. The brides file out; habits are blessed; and the novices come back dressed in them, in shy and sober de-

corum. The plain little habits are a sharp contrast to the lovely flowing bridal dresses. The dramatic symbolism of the swift change is not lost on those staring black-faced people of the bush. As one by one the novices go up to receive their white veils, there is a kind of suppressed sobbing in the Chapel of the Prince of Peace. The morning's ceremony is better than any sermon. The peace of Christ costs—and their own children are helping to pay the price.

AFTER the ceremony there will be a characteristically African celebration. All will go to the school hall for "big chop." There will be platters of steaming yams, fried eggs, pitchers of tea or chocolate, and a great deal of speech-making. Each head of a family must have his turn. "We glad give girl to God," they say solemnly. There is much applause. "We proud of them—proud see them make Sister. The Sisters do big work for Africa." They nod gravely. There is more applause. Forgotten is the long palaver that was necessary to win parental consent. That is all over now. Gifts are brought—a bush lamp, perhaps even a flashlight, bought in Calabar market, a clock, a soap dish, a towel, a pail, depending on the success of last year's yam crop. Then all go outside in the blazing sun to "make photo." They stand up stiffly with their families while Paul, the native photographer, squats behind his camera. It is two or three o'clock before the crowd disperses and the little Sisters can find rest in the quiet of the noviceship. They have a big, hidden work to do for God there—the work of their sanctification; but it is not for themselves alone that they do it, but for Africa—and the world.

Safely in the noviceship, their joy flows out into words. "We are clothed at last after our long waiting," writes one of them, to the Superior General of the Society sponsoring them. "April eighteenth made us the happiest beings that ever walked the earth . . . We wish we had wings to fly to you and tell you our joy face to face." This little Sister has a pagan father and mother; and since he has several wives, there are forty-eight brothers and sisters. The bush is a place of spiritual as well as material contrasts.

And what of those who knelt in the hot, crowded little Chapel of the Prince of Peace to witness the morning's ceremony? They are deeply impressed. They have not forgotten the meaning of that moment when the brides filed out in their bridal gowns to return in their plain gray habits. "This part was deeply touching," writes one schoolgirl witness. "I thought of how they had disowned the world and their families to become spouses of God." And she adds: "We are praying our Lord to pour His grace in our hearts, and that we may be able to do the same, for our country needs many Sisters."

Africa needs them to teach, like Sister Mary Joseph, or to martial big crowds of women at a retreat or pacify irate chiefs, like Sister Kathleen, or to supervise native teachers, like Sister Mary Genevieve, or to train women for Christian marriage or to nurse the sick or to bring children into the world as trained midwives. And Africa needs them to pray. Perhaps the most humble, who can not do the more complicated exterior tasks, have the greatest apostolate. At any rate, they are not excluded because of a lack of outward talents, if they have the requisite inner spirit. One poor little novice was good as gold, but she simply could not learn "book." Should she be allowed to make her vows? The novice mistress prayed for light and consulted with the bishop. Finally the answer was yes. And now the little Sister is blissfully happy—making altar breads.

"Whenever there is a native clergy at work," wrote Benedict XV in his Encyclical *Maximum Illus*, . . . and to some degree may we not say the same of native Sisters?—"We may claim that the missionary has successfuly crowned his work and that his church is henceforth well established. The wind of persecution may arise one day and endeavor to demolish it; we are sure that, built upon a rock and deeply rooted, it will defy the violence of the assault." The wind of persecution has arisen, and in the face of it. His Holiness, Pius XII, has reaffirmed the faith of the Church in the Missionary enterprise, rooted and grounded in a soil well watered by the blood of the new martyrs. In China, enkindled neophites are standing up and being shot rather than deny their new-found Christ. In Asia and Africa, they are flinging themselves down at the foot of the Cross in the less dramatic but no less valid death to self of the three vows.

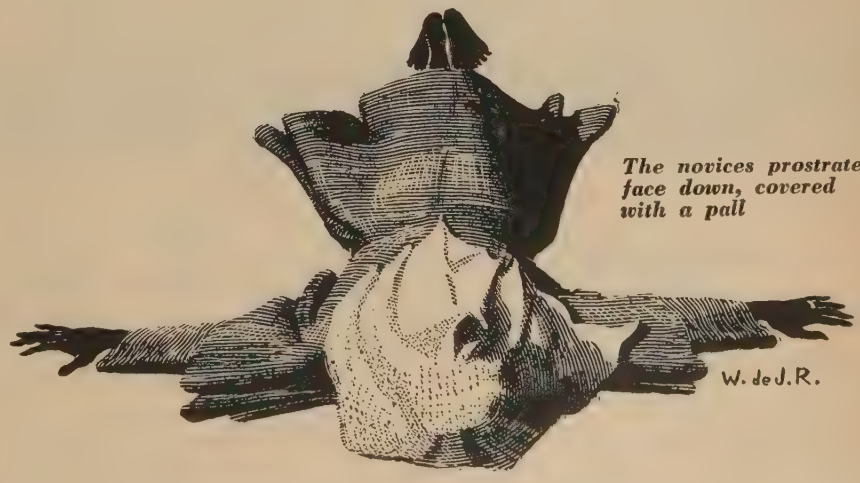
It is early morning in the Chapel of the Prince of Peace at Ifuho. Something very important is going to happen, and once more the people of Ifuho crowd the benches. Once more a little black altar-boy in a red cassock is struggling to light the candles. Once more the words of the *Magnificat* sound in haunting Gregorian. In comes the procession with lighted candles. But this time, there are no brides in white—only gray-clad novices. In the sanctuary are the long veils of the Professed religious waiting to be blessed. The bishop is standing above them, saying prayers and sprinkling them with holy water. Suddenly, soundlessly, the little novices have risen, have moved out into the aisle, have prostrated, face down. They are covered quickly with the big black pall that covers the dead.

Kyrie Eleison . . . Kyrie Eleison
Christe Eleison . . . Christe Eleison

chants the choir, beginning the litany of the saints. The little novices lie very still under their black pall, making their big oblation. For this is the day of their Profession. A little gasp goes through the startled, black-faced congregation. Death—*sacrifice*—the significance is not lost on them, just as the significance of the bridal gowns was not misunderstood. Yet the harsh symbolism is softened a little; for the small, black flower girls in white veils and dresses have stepped forward to strew flowers on the pall.

Pater de coelis Deus, miserere nobis.
Fili Redemptors mundi Deus, miserere nobis . . .

THE ceremony of Religious Profession is a moving event anywhere in the world. It is moving in New York, Chicago, London, Paris. But it is most poignant of all in mission lands, where the faith is so new and the venture is so valiant. Today, when they pronounce their vows, these little novices are going to die—to live again; and Africa, *their* Africa, *God's* Africa, will be the richer for it.



The novices prostrate face down, covered with a pall

The dogwood blossoms were a tribute to her courage

Twice Alison had loved and lost. Then one day the cloud shadowing the past drifted away, and she made a surprising discovery

...wood for Alison

by Frank P. Jay

One might look into Gramps' eyes, Alison used to think, and see just below the gray surface, mists rising in the darkness of sweet wet forests. They were quiet, candid old eyes that had grown patient with the stormy touch of gales and soft with the stars of May seen through dogwood petals, and wise with the long vistas of mountain and sky and the long river that slipped forever down to the sea.

Alison would feel a short tug of panic as she lay in the paralysis of her long recovery, between the clean sheets that smelled of the wind and the great sky, to think that Gramps might leave her one day. Or that her mother, the brilliant Dr. Amy, on one of her scheduled visits to her bedridden eight-year-old daughter, might decide to pack her into the shiny black sedan and go down among the long mountains to the river and follow it through the flat country to the ocean, that she might have to live again among icy crystal and gleaming lacquer, where no sun shone and no winds blew.

Then there would be a voice hailing from the May fields and soon Gramps would be stomping up the woodshed stairs and slamming the door to the kitchen and coming in to her. Then excitement would be leaping in her. She'd twist her neck to see the door latch jig down and the old man come in who had been her courage and her limbs and her heart, and panic would vanish like the passing shadow of a small high cloud driven over sunny meadows by a warm May wind.

He would sit on the bed and tell her of the things he had seen: of the first smoky wedges of geese flying home so high and fast that only eyes that knew how to watch could see them; of what they were calling so thinly and purely.

He would roll her bed to the window and they would silently watch the clouds piling in gray patterns all across the black mountains.

Sometimes, as they were watching, the soft clouds were heaved together in warm and violent shapes and over all towered the immense anvil-crested thunderheads: the storm-spirits. Then the whole valley was darkened and no breath of air stirred and orange lightnings touched the cloud edges like random angers. Then the farthest mountain was in a moment obscured and they could see the rain columns marching slowly along the winding thread of the distant river. Alison lying beneath the patchwork quilt would shiver with a wild anticipation long before the first heavy drops fell like spent buckshot on the tight shingles of the old farmhouse.

She and Gramps named the mountains that the rain touched with its clean hands until the gray shifting curtain strode at last up their own mountain, the wind awoke with a moan, and the invective of the storm was upon them. Then Alison would cry out in satisfaction and squeeze the old man's craggy hand with her own white fingers as the rain hurled itself against the small panes of the window and the timbers of the old house creaked in the violence of the storm. Then Alison would say, "I'll marry you when I grow up, won't I Gramps? You'll wait for me?" And the wind would howl, ripping the rain in wild tatters across the world.

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO

He would tell her of all the things he had seen

Alison had many admirers even then, soft-spoken men who seemed tall because the quiet and darkness of the forest had touched them. They brought sweet gifts for the little girl: delicate Indian pipes that grow where the lonely waters rise among ferns and starlight; silvery dusty blueberries from among the granite ledges; quills and feathers; flat wine-colored garnets taken from the heart of the earth.

They broke the law to bring fresh meat to her. They gave her the empty brass cartridge cases to play with. They brought curious warty squashes shaped like ducks and she'd play the pretending game with them while the beautiful dolls that Dr. Amy sent sat staring on the shelf and were rarely taken down.

The day she took her first faltering steps six men stood watching over her and the silent urgency of their pride in her achievement gave her a determination that could overcome sickness and fear and doubt. When she was returned, exhausted, to her room she found it filled triumphantly with dogwood blossoms: a tribute to her courage.

But of course Gramps could not wait for her because even then he had been an old man. After strength came back to her legs and after a long happy time Alison did go back with Dr. Amy. And life among the crystal and lacquer was not too bad although at first she would listen half awake at night in her dark room, for the sound of the river of air flowing by in the tops of the forest, and not hearing it she would frown and sink back into dreamless sleep like a fish sinking in a black pool.

She went to school and the seasons passed. Alison grew into a beautiful young woman, compassionate and graceful and wise and many people loved her.

In the year when the world went mad she married and her husband was sent into the war. A tall rangy man with gray eyes and steady hands, he was made a rifleman.

They had been much alike, Alison and Christopher, and once committed to a promise they would go it to the end. They burned with the steady flame of integrity. It consumed Christopher.

On the 6th of June in 1944 when the First Division of V Corps went raging up the stony shingle of Omaha Beach, a machine gun pinned down his squad on Beach Easy Red. For a man like Christopher there could have been no other thing to do. He traded grenades with the machine gun for a long time until it no longer winked its red eye, but when his squad went forward he did not rise to go with it. The whole gray sky was reflected in his open eyes and he did not hear the waves that calmly washed those dreadful shores like a good mother after untidy children.

A NUMBNESS like the shadow of a snow-cloud settled over Alison. She had lost three good men in her lifetime: her father, whom she had never known, and Gramps and Christopher. Her little son would never know his father.

But when little Christopher was old enough for school he was able to speak sensibly about his father. Alison saw to that. He knew where Normandy was, what bravery was, and what it meant to die. He had no horror of death. Alison saw to that too, but still shadow followed her. *Three good m* She hugged the child close.

Then one warm day in early when it was time at last for all dorm life to grow again, Alison and Chri pher took a walk. They went thro the streets to the park in the cente the city and climbed the steps passed between black rocks to a h place where no one was near th They were quite alone in spite of teeming life below them. They fou a sunny spot beside a flowering d wood and sat on the warm rocks. son read the story of Icarus, the m who made himself wings, as the cl played, his eyes thoughtful, attent both to his mother's voice and to small stones he was piling one on o

The old legends of man are unfa omably wise and Alison was alw careful in her selection to choose best stories and the ones that would g the greatest joy. Slowly as the narrat approached its climax Christopher his playing. He was profoundly att tive as the story came to its conclusi

After it was over he sat cross-legg on the granite gazing at the sky, at t sun that melted the waxen wings, the gulls that swung breasting full i the breeze, at the placid clouds, and said: "Mother, that means it's bet to try, and fall trying, than never to at all, doesn't it?" As he sat so, bath in sunshine, Alison, in the shadow her own cloud, looked into the chil face and saw it as a fully human fa perhaps for the first time. And it was familiar to her as the call of a lo forgotten voice to a lost traveler.

She saw, just below the gray surfa of his young eyes, mists rising in t darkness of sweet wet forests. They we patient eyes that would welcome t stormy touch of gales; they were s eyes, soft as the warmth of May s beneath the tracery of dogwood peta they were wise eyes sprung from sol roots indelibly affected by long vist of mountain and sky and the long riv that slips forever down to the sea.

And she suddenly saw a simple fa that had eluded her always before. S had never lost a thing! All that wisdo and strength and goodness could nev be lost. Whatever she had learned wou be preserved and sent forward unen ingly, for the stuff that Gramps a Christopher were made of was enduri as the very granite of the earth.

Then irresistibly before the M breeze, her own cloud drifted away fr her, for the first time, and the sun sho down on the whole world.

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Harold Lambert photo

The quiet countryside has an irresistible magnetism for those who love peace

Me for Main Street

What has the main street of a small town to attract the modern migration of big city dwellers? Here is one man's answer

by ART SMITH

THE big man, somewhat red of face at the moment, rapped his glass impatiently down on the coffee table and began poking me on the third button of my shirt with a formidable index finger.

"Look here," he growled, "how long have you been living in the big time, huh? About twenty-five years, right? Now, then, just how come you decided to leave that cattle-crossing out in Wisconsin that you claim to love so dearly? Did Big Bill Thompson ride his white horse up to Green Bay and haul you down to Chicago with his lassoo? Did Jimmy Walker send a detail of armed cops to bring you to New York because the old burg was on its last legs and needed you to breathe new life into her?

"Or did you maybe just go down to the depot one day and buy yourself a ticket to anywhere because you were sick to death of narrow-minded hicks, of trying to get somewhere in a tank town where there was no place to go?"

While he was trying to pump breath back into his lungs, I reflected that once more I had wandered into an argument from which I could emerge only with a bloodied head. Here we go again, I thought. The same old routine, the same questions, the same answers and —inevitably—the same result. This big clunk, city-born and city-reared, would no more understand what I was going to tell him than I would understand Albert Einstein on Relativity. But I was going to give it a try, anyway.

"Come here," I invited. We got up and moved to the tall window that gave out on the penthouse terrace and gazed down at the great spangle of lights that spread like a diamond carpet across the fabulous world of New York.

"See those lights?" I asked. "Millions of 'em, reaching in all directions right to the horizon, and they're beautiful. But look up above. Just a pinkish glow, right? Well, out in Wisconsin we have lights like those down there only they're overhead instead of underfoot. We call them stars."

He grunted impatiently.

"What kind of an argument is that?" he demanded. "We got stars. We know they're up there, don't we?"

"Yes," I said, "but out in Wisconsin we like to be able to see them. They're friends of ours."

The man looked long and searchingly at me and I could see this discussion was over.

"You know," he said finally, "I think you're nuts!"

I don't know how often I have allowed myself to be mouse-trapped into "discussions" concerning the relative advantages of life in cities large and

Mother's Helper

▶ Cana Conferences for married couples are conducted by priests in various dioceses to iron out some of the difficulties married people encounter. A question-and-answer period is very useful sometimes in discovering and solving these problems.

During a recent Cana Conference, the priest in charge read aloud this question, which had been submitted by a member of the group:

"Father, I just can't seem to get my housework done. There's so much to do that I'm never able to get started. Can you help me?"

The priest thought a moment and then smilingly answered:

"I could come on Tuesdays and Thursdays at two, but I really don't think I'd be much help." *Bill Wiebler*

cities small, but they always wind up the same way: I am goofy, as my big friend put it, or I am a hopeless hick. Neither appraisal particularly annoys me, but what burns me to a cinder is the fact that my opponents in these discussions invariably are people who have been pavement-pounders all their lives and have only the vaguest acquaintance with the vast America which lies beyond their tower-studded horizon.

So what happens? Well, I'll tell you what happens.

My opponents, carefully choosing one-syllable words so as not to confuse this gawky hayshaker, hold forth long and creditably on the merits of the metropolis—its greater economic opportunities, its better educational facilities, its booming excitement and lavish entertainment, its vast variety of "things to do."

Most of these points I cheerfully concede, but when I suggest that they are no more than the big city is forced to provide to make up for its lack of the *natural* advantages of the small town, I evoke a thunder of indignant denials. And when I doggedly insist that, anyway, Green Bay, Wisconsin, offered me in lesser but still satisfactory degree everything that Chicago or New York offered their sons, I am hooted down.

Yet I believe I can prove my case. Let us take up the cliff-dwellers' claims one by one.

First, the greater economic opportunities. If this glittering generality means more good jobs, then it is a myth. In Green Bay there are exactly as many responsible positions in relation to the number of individuals qualified to hold them as there are anywhere else.

The men and women who are running Green Bay, its industries and its businesses today are those with whom I grew up. Most of its politicians, doctors, lawyers, and judges are kids I went to school with. So are its bums and loafers, and they would have been bums and loafers in any case, regardless of environment.

Second, better educational facilities. Now, here I must take a moment to explain that Green Bay—the sort of "country" town I am supporting—is neither hamlet nor village. When I was in high school it was a city of roughly 35,000, the largest community in a better than 100-mile radius, and it is somewhat larger today. But it was always a reasonably well-governed town and its halls of learning were a far cry from the Little Red Schoolhouse.

We had, perhaps, a dozen public elementary schools, two public high schools, and St. Joseph's Academy, a private school for girls. We must have had eight parochial schools, though no Catholic high school. A scant five miles up the Fox River, at De Pere, was St. Norbert's College and Seminary, run by the Norbertine Order or, as we called them, the "White Fathers."

All these schools were on the State University's accredited list, their teachers, though underpaid as everywhere, were competent, and an average percentage of our high school graduates went on to colleges and universities.

And let me say this about our teachers: I never heard of any of them being fired for subversive activities or questionable morals. I can't recall either of our high schools being forced to interrupt their athletic programs because a teacher refused to double as a coach. Big city schools, particularly New York's, seem to be funny that way.

But let's move on and brood a bit about excitement and "things to do." My big friend dwelt long and lyrically on these points. He told me that kid[s] have a wonderful time growing up in the city and I'm sure he believed what he said. He insisted that the city offers everything a youngster could want—playgrounds, parks, ocean beaches, community centers, zoos, swimming pools, supervised athletics, school and parish dances, roller-skating parties. There were Ebbets Field and the Brooklyn Dodgers, the Polo Grounds and the Giants, the Stadium and the Yankees, Madison Square Garden and its track meets, circus, rodeos, ice-shows.

"And," he finished triumphantly, "if they get a yen for that Daniel Boone stuff you country jakes are always bragging about, all they got to do is take a bus over the George Washington Bridge and go for a hike into Jersey or up the Hudson shore. Sleep right out in the open, if they want!"

Believe me, my friends, I had to fight myself to keep a straight face. He had figured to score with his ocean beaches, swimming pools, big league ball teams, the Garden, zoos, etc. I had to admit that few Green Bay kids had ever seen an ocean or a swimming pool. We had to be satisfied with an island-dotted bay, twenty miles across and one hundred and ten miles long, which lay at the town's doorstep. There we swam and fished and sailed our own boats in the summer and there we skated and sailed ice-boats at sixty miles an hour in the winter.

I WAS forced to concede that we had no zoo and that the parks were dinky, block-square affairs where the town band played oom-pah-pah concerts on summer evenings. But I felt constrained to point out that Green Bay lay virtually on the edge of the great Wisconsin north woods and that deer, foxes, bears, wolves, bobcats, and smaller forest folk were our uncaged neighbors.

My large friend had implied that "excitement" was exclusively an element of city life. So I wondered aloud if he, as a kid, had ever known the thrill of standing waist-deep in a thundering river at dawn, of watching a three-pound rainbow trout explode from an eddy to hurl itself upon a well-cast royal coachman, of feeling a four-ounce bamboo rod arc to the throbbing power of the most gallant fighting fish that swims.

Or had he, as a boy of sixteen, ever crouched on a hillside on a flaming autumn morning and seen a great buck step warily from the brushy swamp below, slowly swinging its majestic head while sensitive nostrils tested the wind; had he, the kid, sighted down the brown barrel of his rifle until the cross-hairs marked the vital spot behind that sleek dun shoulder and then lowered the

apon because he could not end so gnificent a life?

Had he ever owned a dog and come know that wondrous affection that nds boy and man alike to a patient ast whose sole desire seems to be to derstand and please his master? Or d he, like most other city men, lived his life behind a gilt-edged sign that rned, "No Dogs Allowed!"?

And how about a horse? Did he ever el himself a part of *living* speed or ow the heart-stopping thrill of the mp that clears the barrier with only breath to spare? Or had his thrill me from watching the blooded beasts rform meticulously to music on the nbark at Madison Square Garden?

There was a bemused, incredulous ex-ession on the man's face as he re-rded me now, and when he spoke ere was a great wonderment in his ice.

"Broth-er!" he murmured, shaking his ad. "What corn! What golden ban-n corn!"

Sure, it was corn, strictly off the cob, d I am what Broadway calls a quare." But he had asked me what my ttle-crossing had to offer and I had ven him the picture as it was when was a kid and as it is today in the nterlands.

Let the doubters go out to Green Bay and see for themselves. The town may have grown a bit but it is still essentially the same. The Peshtigo, Oconto, Thunder, Rat, Otter, and Pine Rivers still dash down through the big woods and the trout still lurk in the pools. The deer still have the run of the timber, the bears still lumber through the hills, and the foxes still bark at the moon.

And look, city man, take the kids along and give them a year out there where there's nary subway nor elevated, no Brooklyn Bridge, no Empire State, no Times Square, and no Juvenile Court. Let them sail and swim and fish in the summer and tramp the woods and the hills with a dog. Let them live in a solid house on a tree-arched street with a feeling of permanence about it.

In autumn, when the woods are a great burst of color, let the kids hit out to the ridges where hickory nuts and butternuts await them by the ton. Take them with you to the duck blinds along the bay shore and let them feel their hearts in their throats as flights of mallards, bluebills, redheads, and teal come drumming out of the early morning mist to settle into your decoys. And let them share the feast that follows.

When the snow flies and the snowshoe rabbits are abroad, give them a .22 rifle and teach them the cardinal rule of shooting: Never fear a gun but understand it and treat it with great respect. Get them well-waxed skiis and turn them loose in the looping hills of Little Switzerland, where the snow comes early and stays late.

Then, when the winds of March are gone and the whole world is busted out with green and the cherry trees are pink and white, try to tell these youngsters that it's time to return to their native New York, to the jam-packed ocean beaches, the chlorinated swimming pools, the well-policed parks, the supervised playgrounds, the community centers, the corner candy stores. Just try, brother, just try!

AS I write I keep remembering old Jim Rogers, who lived in a little cabin on a bank of the Thunder and who was, excepting only my father, the kindliest and the happiest man I ever knew. He had been a city man, a rather good musician who once had played with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, but he had come north to the woods about mid-life and he never left.

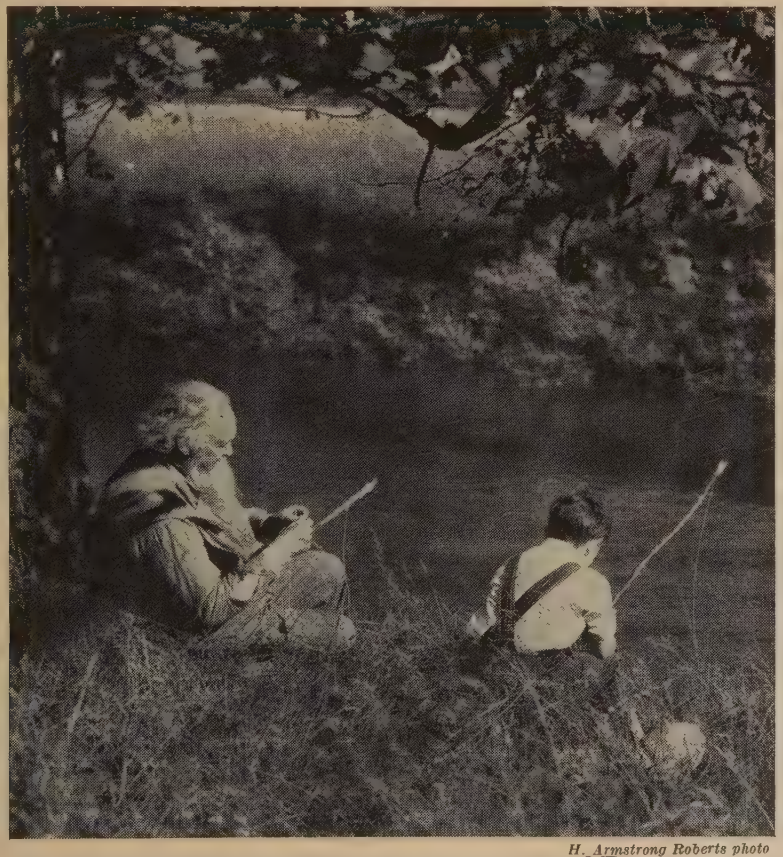
He was our boyhood idol and his cabin was always open to us, summer or winter. In the company of strangers he was often shy and taciturn and he stood in mortal terror of women. But with us he was always gay, given to enormous bursts of laughter, and he spoke in full-blown phrases as if he were reading from a book.

One evening, as we sat on a little bench in front of Jim's cabin listening to the chuckle of the river and to the whippoorwills greeting the moon, he fell to rambling about what the woods can mean to a man, and I remember that he said:

"A man is a millionaire when he can hear trumpets in the sunrise, oboes and violins in the treetops, and cymbals and kettle-drums when the sun sets and the sky is all on fire."

Jim was well over eighty when he died a few years ago. His nearest neighbor, whose farm was a mile down-river, had come up the woodland path just after sundown and he found old Jim sitting on his bench, his still-square shoulders resting against the logs of the cabin. His eyes were closed, the man said, but he was facing to the west where the sun had just gone down behind the far off ridge, leaving the sky aflame.

The man said old Jim was smiling.



H. Armstrong Roberts photo

The author's boyhood idol was an old man who fled the metropolis. Old Jim reckoned himself a millionaire with all nature's wealth

ART SMITH is a reporter on the staff of the *New York Daily News*. He has published articles in *Collier's*, *American Mercury*, and other magazines.

Fr. Julian Endler, C. P., Pastor of St. Joseph's Mission, has spent twenty-five years in a hard, lonely apostolate

A SIGN MISSION PICTURE STORY

Twenty-five years ago, the Passionists couldn't have dreamed that

CAROLINA JUBILEE

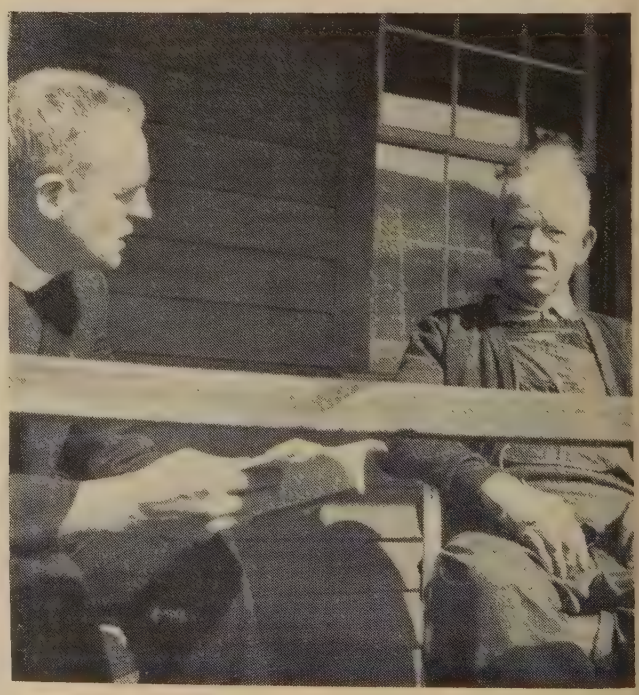
would be such a proud and joyous day

IT is this sort of occasion that makes us realize how good God is to His Missionaries. The years of patient labor by our priests have been rewarded. Our three Missions have grown step by step. St. Joseph's Mission in New Bern, North Carolina, is the most complete, with its church, school, boys' industrial training building, girls' home economics building, parish hall, rectory, and convent. Mother of Mercy Mission, in Washington, North Carolina, comes next with church and school, rectory and convent. St. Gabriel's Mission in Greenville, North Carolina, has its church, rectory, and parish hall.

With so much accomplished, we would be faint-hearted indeed to feel that God will not continue to sustain our efforts and enable us to face the great problems ahead. As He has inspired our good friends with zeal and generosity in the past, so will He do in the days to come.

A very practical way to help is to send used clothing directly to the Missions. There is so much discarded clothing hanging in closets and in attics that could be put to immediate use by our poor people. Money offerings may be ad-

The mission school is the magnet, education the eye-opener to life's opportunities . . . and to its responsibilities



Before the end of life's long road, an old man finds the door to everlasting peace

Fathers Maurice and Berchmans, big brothers to little fellers who need a friend

dressed to Very Rev. Father Provincial, C. P., c/o Colored Missions, P. O. Box 41, Union City, N. J.

In the words of our Reverend Jubilarian: "Needless to say, you are ever in my prayers. But far better than that, you are always in the heart of God, who loves you for making it possible for us to offer to colored people whiteness of soul, at a time when so many white people are making their souls black with hatred for those whom God loves so much."

The way it should be for every child in the world—playmates of the Divine Child, charges of Our Lady

Out of homes such as this come many of the little ones who crowd our schools

THE LAST DATE

Doc Harrison's time was dedicated to his work—except for an evening each week which was reserved for his dates with one of three lovely young women

DOC HARRISON moved the phone a good inch further from his ear, but Hal Fletcher's reproaches continued to boom out in the little office: "Dog-gone it, man, you've got to come! Here you've been worshipping this guy Bailey for years, reading everything he even wrote on coronary occlusion, and now when he finally gets to town for an evening you won't even come over and meet him! Can't you put it off?"

Harrison rubbed his left palm against a gray temple. He leaned wearily back in his chair and closed his eyes. "Wish I could, Hal, but I just don't see how—"

"Well," Hal's voice was resigned, "if you can break away, we'll be at my house from eight on."

Slowly Doc Harrison replaced the phone in the cradle. Douglas Bailey in Dameronville! The best heart man in the world not two miles away, and he had just turned down a chance to meet him. What a blow to Bailey, he thought wryly! Then he smiled. He wondered how many worn-out little practitioners like himself had cornered the specialist in various whistle stops and bored him with their fool questions. Actually Bailey owed him a vote of thanks for not showing up—or rather he owed Chris a vote of thanks. Because Harrison's engagement tonight was not with a patient at all.

A long time before, when the second of his three daughters had been born, the idea had occurred to Doc Harrison of setting aside a certain evening every week for his children. The aim was to establish a comradeship based upon something a little more solid than the haphazard movie parties, the picnics spoiled by a phone call, the occasional chance evenings together at home.

Unlike so many earnest resolutions of the same kind, the plan had turned out wonderfully, mainly because the doctor had worked stubbornly to make the arrangement a success. His friends gradually learned to respect his Wednesday evenings, and even his patients tried to pay him the courtesy of falling sick early or late in the week. The people of Dameronville became accustomed to seeing Doc Harrison at the oddest places. Perhaps at the skating rink, bravely trying to keep his balance on the treacherous wheels. Or eating popcorn at a midnight movie. Or yelling like an Indian at the motorcycle races. And always with Jane, Sara, or Chris at his side.

Apparently Hal Fletcher had either forgotten or decided that a chance to talk shop with Douglas Bailey was worth an exception to the Wednesday rule. As a matter of fact, thought the doctor sadly, if it weren't Christine's last Wednesday before she went away to school he might indeed be tempted. No, not even then. He was forgetting that young Brewster had left to go into the Army today, and Christine badly needed cheering up.

The doctor wasn't so old that he'd forgotten what first love was like. Heaven knows he'd suffered through it with Jane and Sara in turn. Girls, he'd found, took it harder than boys. Separations became catastrophes; absence was a monster that wrung the heart.

Odd, thought Harrison, that Brewster hadn't dropped in to say good-by. For an instant he was back in the old Brewster home—the one Captain Brewster had built near the river—and the rain was smashing against the windows of the high-ceilinged bedroom while young David was being born. The champagne with the old Captain himself and David's father, and the warmth and the pride before he had hitched up and driven back into town.

The doctor shook his head and looked at the clock on his desk. 6:10.

There was a knock on the door, and Doc Harrison frowned. Someone always thought that office hours sign out there was strictly ornamental. "Come in," he called gruffly.

Dave Brewster walked in, standing a little straighter than usual, bearing himself with a little more dignity.

"Sorry to bother you, Dr. Harrison," he said. "Just wanted to say 'so long' before I took off."

"But I thought—" The doctor stood up and held out his hand warmly. "That's mighty nice of you, Dave. But I thought you had left this morning. I'm sure Chris said something about it."

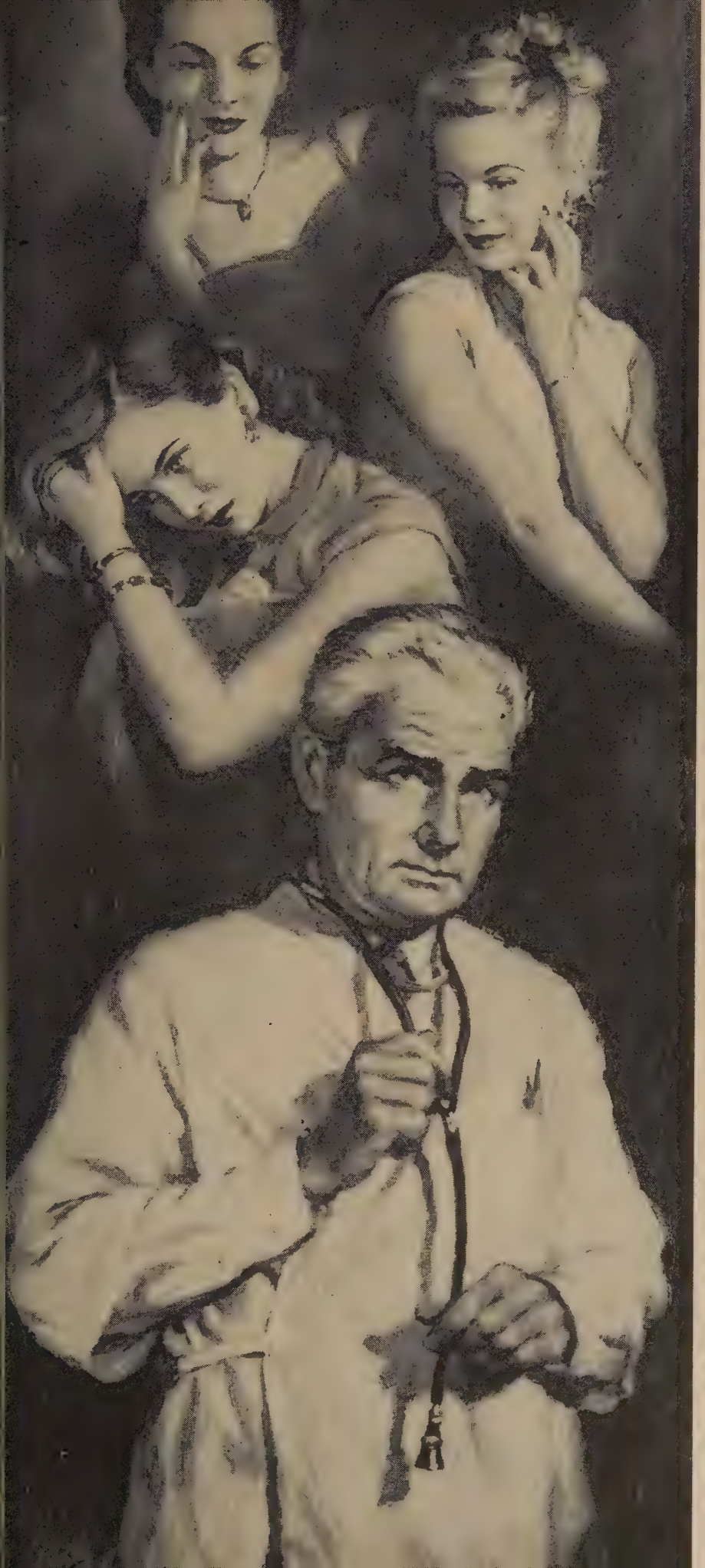
"Tomorrow morning," said Brewster. He suddenly looked less assured. "I just thought I'd drop by and say 'so long'."

The doctor stared out of the window. "Funny Chris didn't mention your staying over an extra day. You sure she knows?"

The boy spoke in a strained voice. "I called her," he said, "but she's busy for the evening." Then Dave smiled. "Just my luck," he said.

The older man looked at him sharply. Surely Dave knew—or did he? Youngsters in love, he remembered, were often caught in the spell of a kind of enchanted amnesia, and there wasn't the slightest resentment in Dave's attitude.

"Wait a minute, Dave," he said suddenly. "How about dinner tonight? Let me buy you a steak your last night home."



by **CHARLES CARVER**

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR OLSON

"Well . . ." He could sense Dave was looking for a graceful excuse.

"Good!" he said heartily. "How about seven at the Stevens? I'll meet you there."

He watched Dave give up. "All right, sir. That'll be swell." At least the boy tried to put some enthusiasm into it. Smiling, Doc Harrison watched him leave.

Two minutes later Doc Harrison had Paul French, the manager of the Stevens, on the wire. He ordered an elaborate dinner for two. "—and bill me for the whole works," he said, "in case Dave tries to get the check. Got it, Paul?"

"Yes, sir," said Paul. "It'll be taken care of, Doctor."

Somehow the earlier weariness was lifted from him as Doctor Harrison telephoned his daughter. His voice sounded bright and alert. "Well, kiddo, what's on the agenda? This is your last fling on the old man for a long time, you know. The sky's the limit."

Christine's voice was thin. "I don't feel like doing a whole lot, Dad. Would you mind just a movie?

"Wonderful," he said. "A movie is just what I had in mind myself. But I'm about to starve. How about a bite first at the Stevens? That all right?"

For a moment, when she did not answer, his heart sank. He knew what she was thinking: would Dave see her? Could she take the risk? "I'm not awfully hungry," she said at last. "But if you really want to."

"I do," he said firmly. "And honey, if I'm a little late, you go on in."

"All right, Dad."

"And see that you look sharp. Your old man wants a gal to be proud of on his last date."

She was trying hard. "Fit to kill," she said. "See you at seven."

The figures on the clock said 6:39, and the office was darkening and very still. Doc Harrison sat a moment in the silence thinking of the hours he had spent with his children. It was not a cup he had drained, he thought. It was a treasury he had filled.

Had he been an overly sentimental man, Doc Harrison might have dropped a tear or two, or breathed a sigh of regret over the ended Wednesdays. But that was hardly his way.

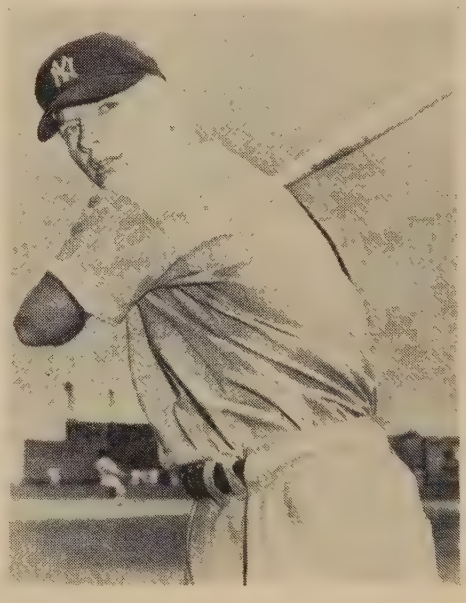
Instead he picked up the phone and called Hal Fletcher's number. It would be quite a thing, he thought eagerly, to meet a truly great man right here in Dameronville.

by DON DUNPHY

Repeat Performance?

THE May issue of THE SIGN is the one picked by Yours Truly for the annual crawl out to the end of a sagging limb. We might add that it is the same limb which was sawed off behind us last September when the Cleveland Indians and the Philadelphia Phillies, our choices to win the American and National League pennants, were left sadly in the rear while the New York Yankees and the Brooklyn Dodgers went gaily ahead to meet in a thrilling World Series. It isn't enough to say that the Indians could have won and that the Phillies were the best team in the league during the last half of the season. They only pay off on the numbers posted on the big board, and the board showed Yankees and Dodgers at the end.

If it was tough trying to pick them last year, it seems even tougher now. As of this moment, it would seem logical to go along with the champions, the Yankees and the Dodgers. But there are many factors which argue against their choice. Among them, as far as the New Yorkers are concerned, is the main and outstanding fact that no team in either league has ever won five straight pennants. It is taking nothing away from the Yankees to say that in their remarkable string of four in a row from 1949 through last year, they had to have the breaks. They did get breaks. However, this should not by any manner of thought be construed as saying that they were lucky. There is a difference between getting the breaks and being lucky. Nine times out of ten, a team has got to get the breaks to win the pennant. The Yankees got such breaks in the last few years when they were able to reach out into the National League and pick up vital cogs like Johnny Mize, Johnny Hopp, Johnny Sain, and Johnny, beg pardon, Ewell Blackwell. Each of these men coming late in the campaign contributed to Yankee success. On the other hand, you have to be able to exploit the breaks, to capitalize on them. In this department, the Yankees were past masters. Give them one tiny little opening and they would break a game, or even a series, wide open. They had plenty of fight and they never beat themselves. They deserved to win because they never stopped trying. And they had a great manager in Casey Stengel. As my good friend Tim Barry always says, "If you can't sell them, confuse them!" and "If you can't beat them,



Mantle, the new Bronx Bomber

join them." Well, being thoroughly confused in picking against the Yankees the past four years, I'm going to join them. It's the Yankees to win. This will come as a blow to the legion of Yankee fans among our readers. These folks have felt comfortable and safe in feeling that as long as your editor was picking someone else, the Yankees were sure to win. They may have a point. For in 1948, we picked the New Yorkers to win and that was the last time they didn't.

The law of averages is against the Bronx Bombers. Other factors are against them too. But try to figure out who will beat them. We can't.

A normal choice, of course, would be the **Cleveland Indians.** But they'll show up with the same sievelike infield. And with the familiar question marks in the persons of Larry Doby and Luke Easter. And how long can Bob Lemon, Early Wynn, and Mike Garcia go winning twenty games a season? Indians could have and in our esti tion should have won the pennant last two years, but they didn't. T had their chance but blew it. We can't figure that they'll have as g an opportunity again. The big three the Tribe mound corps probably get a lot of help from Dick Weik, is back from the service. Weik was young man they obtained in the Mic Vernon deal a couple of years a But his help shouldn't be enough.

The **Yankees,** of course, match Tribe in pitching. Whereas Clevela has three potential twenty-game w ners, the Stengelmen have six pot tials who can average fifteen wins. T are Vic Raschi, Allie Reynolds, a Ed Lopat, the old standbys, and Ed Ford, back from a tour of duty w the army, Johnny Sain, and Ewell Bla well. And fellows like Bob Kuzava, w always seems to save the last game the World Series for the Yankees, T Gorman, Bill Miller, and Ray Scarb ough are around to help. The Yank infield, of course, will be as good Phil Rizzuto's health. But even if Scooter should feel the weight of pressing years, the Yankee habit of co ing up with a Coleman, a MacDouga or a Martin, should stand them in go stead.

The **Philadelphia Athletics** must conceded a chance, but they are a le footed outfit that wastes a lot of superi pitching. Bobby Shantz, Harry By and Alex Kellner can throw with t best, though it is doubtful if lit Bobby can come up with over twen wins again. It's hard to see how the benefited by the trade that sent Fer Fain, the league's leading hitter, Chicago for Eddie Robinson. They g a power hitter who is only fair on d fense for a spray hitter who gets a l of singles and who is very adept in t field. The Athletics will have go pitching and a lot of power, but they a slow team with a spotty defense.

The **Chicago White Sox** could su prise if they got off to the roaring sta of two years ago. Their pitching sound, the hitting good, and the fieldi will be good if Chico Carrasquel c make a comeback. They have good spi while they are winning but are apt get discouraged. Look out if they bre fast. Of the other four clubs, Was ington, Detroit, Boston, and St. Lou only the Senators merit considerati because of their pitching.

In the National League, the **Dodge** chances rate something like the Yanke in the American, except that in t senior loop there are several clubs rea to take over should the Brooks falt Whereas, in the American League, i

ard to put a finger on the team to eat the Yankees, it's easy to do it in he National. The New York Giants, he St. Louis Cardinals, and the Philaelphia Phillies all rate consideration in ny figuring for the pennant, and the Chicago Cubs can't be counted out.

But the Dodgers are the soundest eam in the League, just as they were ast year. They have no glaring weakess, and even though key veterans like ee Wee Reese, Jackie Robinson, and reacher Roe are a year older and could all down, there is no evidence at the noment that they won't have another ood year; and as usual the Brooks have retty good reserve strength. Their ounger hurlers like Carl Erskine and Billy Loes should be even better with ast year's tough campaign under their elts. And while Joe Black may not be he sensation he was in 1952, he's still mighty fine pitcher to have on one's ide. Junior Gilliam gives the infield nore reserve strength, which means that Robinson and Reese can be rested if ecessary. The outfield is strong, and ur feeling is that Duke Snyder found imself in the last World Series and hould end the season as the league's Most Valuable Player. Behind the bat, he Dodgers are fortunate to have a Campanella, who can prod the older urlers and encourage the younger ones. Besides, he's mean with that bat.

The **New York Giants**, of course, will be in contention all the way, but heir chances are lessened by the fact hat they've never been able to fill the oid in center field left by the departure arly last season of Willie Mays to the Army. Willie was not only a tower of trength on defense roaming far and wide to pull them down and cutting down base runners with the deadly accuracy of his throws, and a dangerous timely hitter as well, but apparently he was one of those inspirational type players who come along every so often to spark a team to victory.

Without Mays, the Giants will still be dangerous, but Manager Leo Durocher must have some doubts as to the ability of Sal Maglie and Larry Jansen to win as of yore. Sixty victories by Maglie, Jansen, and Jim Hearn are a must if the Giants are to finish on top. Aside from the still unfilled gap in center, the team is certainly capable of moving up if the Dodgers falter.

The **St. Louis Cardinals** may improve on the showing of a year ago if Stan the Man Musial keeps up his terrific pace. The Redbirds have good hitting and smart fielding up and down the line and any improvement by their young pitchers will make them very hard to beat. We're referring especially to Joe Presko, Stuart Miller, Eddie Yuhas, and Wilmer Mizell, who showed enough last year to warrant speculation as to future greatness. The veterans Gerry Staley, Cliff Chambers, Cloyd Boyer, and Alpha Brazle give the Cards a sound core of mound strength. His year of experience as a pilot in a tough campaign should calm Eddie Stanky enough to make him a good field leader in the coming race.

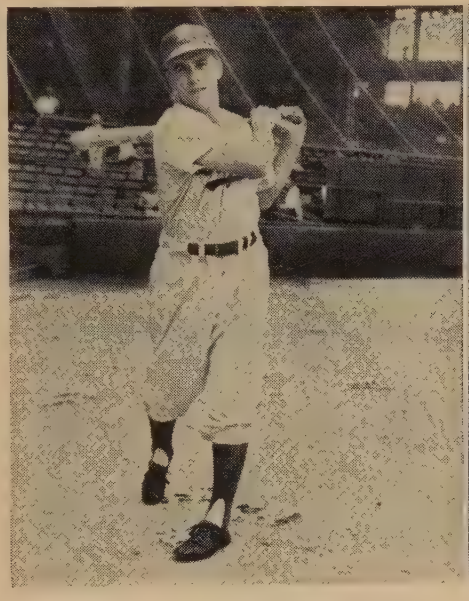
The **Philadelphia Phillies** finished like a runaway horse last season, but their miserable start cooked their goose early. With a confident Steve O'Neill at the helm all the way, the erstwhile Whiz Kids will bear a lot of watching. As they say at the track, they could take it all. They'll be tough on the mound with Robin Roberts (28 wins last year) leading the pitchers and getting expected help from Curt Simmons, Karl Drews, Howie Fox, and a rejuvenated Jim Konstanty. The infield and outfield are sound and reliable but catching continues as a question mark.

The **Chicago Cubs** have pitching with Bob Rush, Warren Hacker, Bob Kelly, Paul Minner, and Bob Schultz and their hitting and fielding are adequate. But the Cubs have the annoying habit of getting key players injured and that has hurt them considerably.

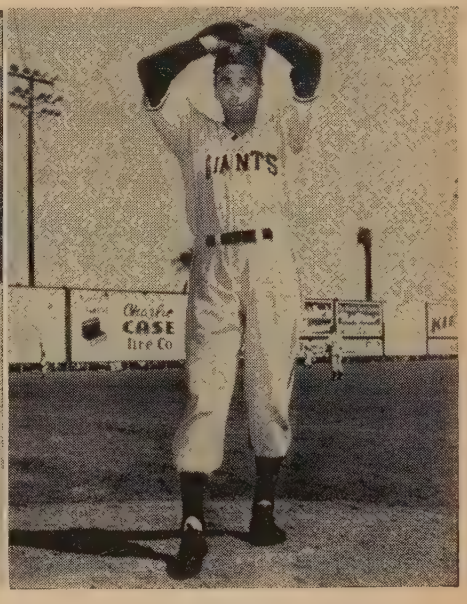
The **Cincinnati Reds** don't rate contention unless Manager Rogers Hornsby can pull something of a miracle. They have pretty good hurling and a couple of fair hitters but that's all. Eddie Erautt, back from Kansas City where he had a great year, should help on the mound and so should ex-Dodger King.

The **Braves** now represent Milwaukee instead of Boston, but a change of uniform never won a ball game (unless the change is to a Yankee uniform). The pitching should be about the same as last year while the hitting should be a little better. Jolly Cholly Grimm, as usual will have the team hustling but while the manager is the best banjo player in the National League it is to be doubted that any one will refer to the Braves as the team that made Milwaukee famous. Now we come to the **Pirates**, which we were afraid we'd have to do sooner or later. They are still rebuilding, which is about the nicest thing anyone can say about them. Kiner will lead the league in home runs and their young players are ready for improvement but that's all.

All in all, it looks like hot races in the major leagues and while our choices are the Yankees and Dodgers to meet in the World Series again we wouldn't be surprised if we had picked them wrong. But then why should we be surprised? Pickin' 'em wrong is pretty easy.



Will the veterans, Reese . . .



. . . and Sal Maglie, falter?

Oh, by the way, refer to this next October:

AMERICAN LEAGUE

New York
Cleveland
Philadelphia
Chicago
Washington
Boston
Detroit
St. Louis

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Brooklyn
New York
St. Louis
Philadelphia
Chicago
Cincinnati
Milwaukee
Pittsburgh

Acme

Almost a Hollywood drama. A couple reconciled after proper reflection and competent legal advice of counsel

This young man reconciled his divorced parents. new start, new family life, with God's law upheld

Lawyers Also Mend Marriages

With America's staggering divorce rate and proposed easing of divorce legislation, perhaps now lawyers will need a new and better role

by FRANCIS D. O'MARA

I READ with interest Judge Macelwane's excellent article in the August issue of THE SIGN, "Why Marriages Fail." That is the Judge's viewpoint from the bench. Here is the viewpoint of a lawyer who has stood before the divorce court bench too many times.

The writer is a Catholic, is raising seven children, was graduated from a Catholic Law School, and has had a general practice for the past sixteen years. Divorce work, as such, is neither sought nor desired.

During the past sixteen years, I have been consulted on an average of about fifteen times yearly by persons in domestic trouble, Protestant and Catholic.

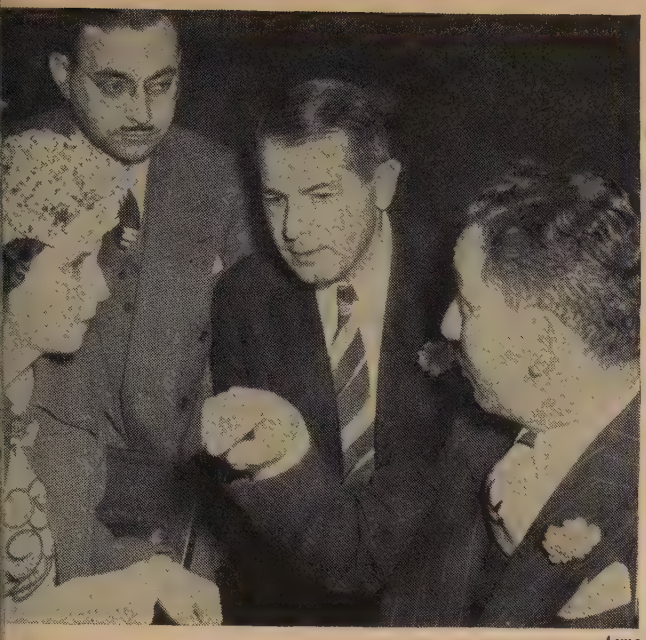
Early in my inexperience, if clients wanted a divorce, and there were legal grounds, I went through the legal motions required to get him or her what was wanted. I took them at their word: there was no hope of reconciliation, they said, so why try too much. After all, it was only a severance of the civil bond, there *were* legal grounds for divorce, I can't make them live together, etc., etc.

Later, as experience grew on me, and as I saw the natural and actual results of divorce in the Juvenile and Criminal Courts of our city, I did some soul searching on my own. My course in Domestic Relations in Law School had not taught me, as maybe it should have, the methods and need of preventing divorce, nor what I now saw as the fruits of such conduct: juvenile delinquency and crime rampant among the innocent victims of their parents' wrongdoings.

My thinking developed to the point where I asked myself each time a client came in with the "divorce look" in his or her eye, "Is this divorce necessary?"

Thereafter, when consulted by persons (Catholics as well as Protestants) with marital troubles, I sought detailed information on religion, parents, history of the marriage, children, occupation, time when and how marital difficulty started, and led the person to give the complaints of wrongdoing by the other spouse in detail. We are told, "Confession is good for the soul." I have uniformly found that the client feels much better after this confession of a marriage failure and is more receptive to advice.

I ask the client if the spouse would come in to see me, if called. Generally, the answer is in the affirmative. I usually arrange such a conference at once by telephone, but ask both to come in. Then I have my first client repeat in gory detail, before me and the spouse, the complaints previously told me. Then I tell the other to detail his or her complaints to us as fully as possible. Of course, each case cannot be handled exactly like another. My experiences were illuminating. I found that the persons involved, because of their quarreling, were unable, alone, to discuss their mutual problems calmly. Anger flares. No actual discussion is possible. Only charges and recriminations, with nothing accomplished. I found these people eager and willing to get their troubles off their chests. With an impartial arbitrator present, I found that both do. After candid discussion,



Acme

lthough a much harder course and requiring ıtience, clients should be made to reconsider

Acme

The Church, the law, and the social agencies are agreed that the real divorce victims are children

ost see that some of the complaints e petty and almost nonsensical.

At this point in the discussion I phasize that no married persons live lifetime together without some differ- ces, marriage is a give and take prop- ition, that differences of character, ckground, and personality are bound lead to clashes of some kind between ose living in the intimate relation of sband and wife. The most important ing in their lives is their children, d their proper upbringing.

DO not try to settle the matter at one sitting. I usually make a definite pointment for a couple of weeks away ıen both can come again. Meantime, ey are to discuss their affairs at home, ıt if the old anger flares, keep still ıd save the discussion for the next eeting with me.

This procedure requires patience on e part of the lawyer. A lot of it. nly by getting the details can the wyer see the cure. Sometimes the un- rlying reasons are curious, to say the ast. For example, one wife's chief com- laint was that her husband went on a ender" regularly every two months. ıe could not stand it any longer. Close uestioning developed that her father, uring her childhood, had come home ery Saturday night drunk and had aten his wife, her mother. This wife ecame obsessed with the idea that entually her husband would do the me. A heart to heart talk with the sband, and later with both, in which is phase was frankly discussed, together with bringing out into the open the husband's need for the periodical "toot," resulted in their leaving my office arm in arm.

The easier course for any lawyer, and the most profitable, moneywise, would be to get the facts for the divorce at the first consultation, ascertain the legal grounds and the proof thereof, arrange for the fee, prepare the complaint, file the suit in court, and try it when it is reached for trial. That is what the client *thinks* he wants.

Of the two hundred odd cases that I have treated as outlined, less than 20 per cent ever got to court. The clients "thought" they wanted a divorce, but what they actually wanted was someone to listen patiently and with understanding to their domestic difficulties, to talk to their spouses, discuss the troubles intelligently, and to advise them.

If every lawyer would try this method, there would be no divorce mills, no separation today and a divorce tomorrow. Actually, I think it the duty of the legal profession to prevent divorce. Too often the lawyer consulted by persons in such difficulties takes the easiest and the most profitable way out, and another marriage becomes a divorce statistic, and the children names on a Juvenile Court blotter. From a monetary standpoint, my method would result in much less tangible income for the legal profession, but society and the state would profit immeasurably.

The training of the lawyer in this regard should begin in law school. In addition to his Law of Domestic Relations, the moral aspect of divorce should be taught him; that he owes a duty to himself and society to prevent divorce; that he will find much more satisfaction in being an instrument in saving a marriage and a family, than in hearing the order, "Write up the decree."

ONE thing has appalled me. Only in one case of over a hundred Catholics who consulted me, have the parties told me they talked to a priest about their problems. If I suggested it, they have uniformly said, "I don't want to talk to Father So-and-So about it. I would rather talk to a lawyer." If this feeling is general, and I do not know that it is, possibly the Church could train a group of lawyers in each diocese who could co-operate with the parish priests in consulting in private with parishioners who have marital problems.

At any rate, the divorce problem is becoming so serious in this country that no stone should be left unturned to awaken the legal profession to its duty to prevent divorce. The lawyers have their chance before the Judge does. There is no divorce without a lawyer. When the case gets to court, I find it is usually too late. Why not some preventive medicine among those who hear marital troubles first?

FRANCIS D. O'MARA, graduate of De Paul University, has practiced law for the past sixteen years. He has also lectured on marriage and legal problems under the auspices of Chicago's Archdiocesan Union of Holy Name Societies.

"Away With Him"

Christ was hated from the beginning of His life to the end. The hatred was bitter, ruthless, and at any time might have caused His death. But God kept it under control until His hour had come

by ***RUPERT LANGENSTEIN, C.P.***

IN the life of Christ there were no mistakes, no faulty judgments or procedures. Everything that He did was not merely good but perfect.

Why then did people oppose Christ? What sort of people were His enemies? A certain amount of the striving against Christ was due to the intervention of the devil. Satan bringing his everlasting quarrel with God onto an earthly battlefield. Some came from well-meaning people who never realized how wrong they were. Most of the opposition came from the very same human limitations and warped outlook and ruthless self-seeking still all too prevalent in the world today.

The first enmity shown toward Christ would also have been the last—had it not been for the miraculous intervention of God. Christ was little more than an infant when the Magi came from the east to adore Him and to offer Him their gifts. They had recourse to Herod, the Jewish king. They asked him: "Where is the newly born king of the Jews?" Anyone who had ever opposed him or seemed to oppose him met with violent death if Herod was able to cause it. A child with a kingly title could hardly expect less. Herod ordered his soldiers to kill all the boys in Bethlehem and its neighborhood who were two years old or less. His efforts were in vain. Joseph and Mary took the Child and fled into Egypt while Herod was still making his plans.

When Christ began His public life, John the Baptist and his disciples were already on the scene. John was denouncing the hardheartedness, the blindness, and the sinfulness of his generation and urging men to baptism and repentance. For a time some of the disciples of John offered a certain amount of opposition to Christ, and even tried to stir up in John a feeling of envy toward his Master. They said to him: "Rabbi, He who was with thee beyond the Jordan, to whom thou hast borne witness, behold He baptizes and all are coming to Him." (John 3:26) They could not see the true relation between John and Christ, even when the Baptist pointed it out so clearly to them: "He must increase, but I must decrease." (John 3:30) On a subsequent occasion, they even joined with the Pharisees to demand of Christ: "Why do the disciples of John and of the Pharisees fast, whereas Thy disciples do not fast?" (Mark 2:18) Perhaps these good men were still hoping that John the Baptist was mistaken and they were justified in their opposition to Christ.

The strongest and most persistent antagonism that Christ encountered, however, came from the sect called the Pharisees. They were a group of men who prided themselves on a perfect observance of the Law—or the Law as they interpreted it. They thought highly of themselves and insisted that their practices and customs were the perfect expression of the will of God. Since Christ had come to bring the Law to perfection, He could not allow the influence of the Pharisees to continue. If they could, they would do to Christianity what they had done to Judaism. They must be checked. They must turn from their intellectual sins just as others must turn from their more carnal sins. If they would not submit peaceably, He must oppose them publicly.

IN almost every instance where the Gospels record opposition to Christ, the Pharisees were involved. Time and again, the point of contention was the observance of the Sabbath. In the Ten Commandments, God had commanded that the Sabbath be kept holy. The Pharisees, however, had added countless details of their own—and they would admit of no exceptions. Christ tried in vain to show them their inconsistencies. They would allow the rite of circumcision to be performed on the Sabbath, yet they were bitterly indignant that Christ, through the power of God and obviously with God's sanction, restored people to health on the Sabbath. When Christ healed a man of the dropsy on the Sabbath, the Pharisees would not or could not see their inconsistency in opposing this act of charity. He bluntly reminded them, "Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fall into a pit and will not immediately draw him up on the Sabbath?" And they could give Him no answer to these things." (Luke 14:6)

WHEN Christ tried to lead the Pharisees to accept His authority because of His miracles, they would not be convinced. In fact, they were aroused to a point of attempting physical violence. When He continued His discourse to point out that He was the eternal Son of God, "They, therefore, took up stones to cast at Him; but Jesus hid Himself, and went out from the temple." When He restored sight to the blind man, they tried to prove that there was some mistake or trickery. When He cast out devils, they tried to convince themselves and others that it was done by the power of the devil and not by the power of God.

As time went on, the conflict between Christ and the Pharisees developed to an unexpected conclusion. Not once were these men able to outwit or to trap Christ. In every public exchange, they were refuted and discredited. Yet their power did not seem to show any noticeable decrease. In fact, as St. John relates: "Even among the rulers many believed in Him; but because of the Pharisees they did not acknowledge it, lest they should be put out of the synagogue. For they loved the glory of men more than the glory of God." (John 12:42-43)

It would hardly be correct to say that enmity to Christ developed to a point where His death was inevitable. Christ's death was never inevitable. It depended entirely upon the will of His Father and His own free choice. At the end of the three years of Our Lord's public life, the chief priests and the Pharisees

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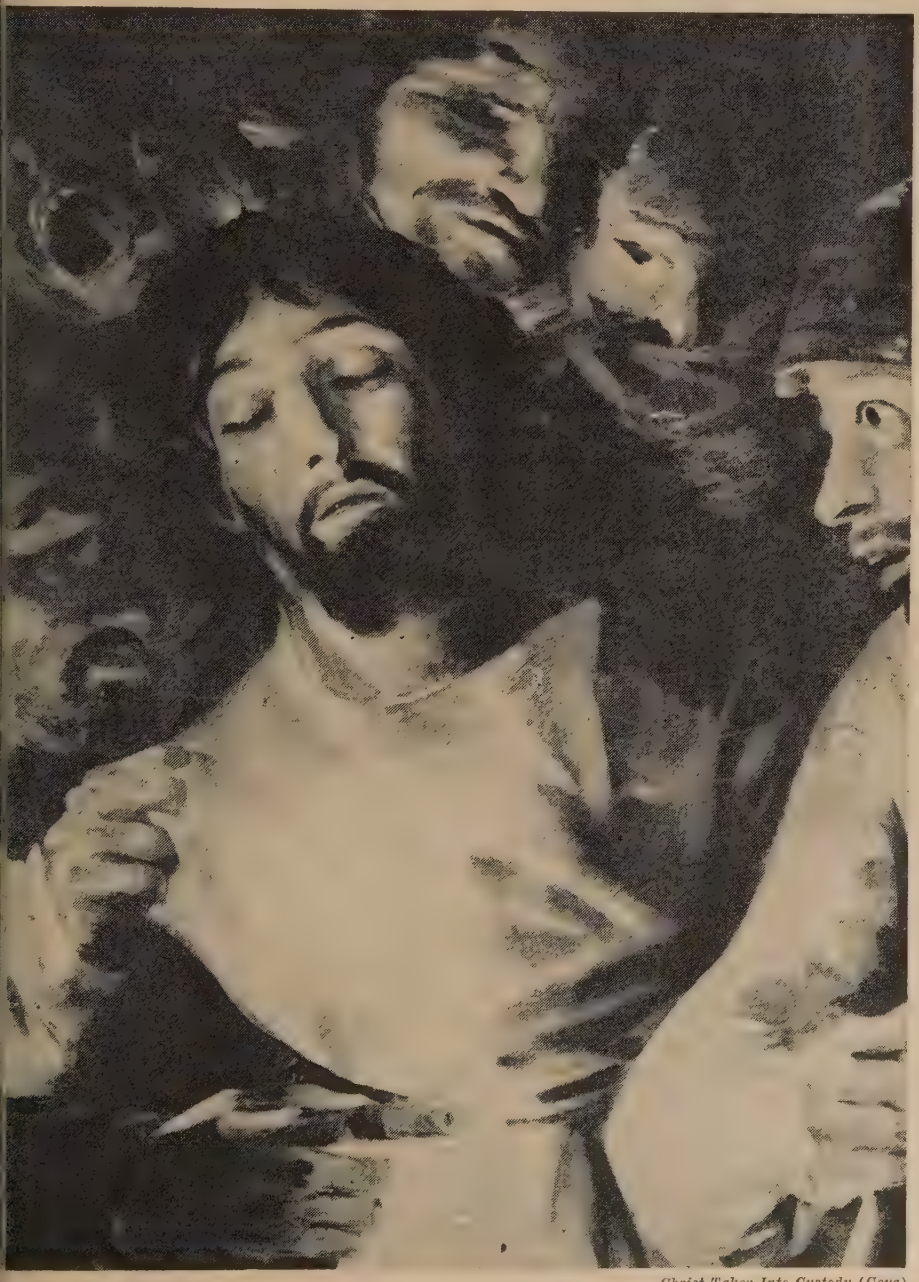
RUPERT LANGENSTEIN, C.P., M.S., Vice Rector of Holy Cross Seminary, Dunkirk, N. Y., is a noted radio speaker and author of *Behold the Man*, a book on the Passion of Christ.

thered together a council and said, What are we doing? for this man is rking many signs. If we let Him ne as He is, all will believe in Him, d the Romans will come and take ay both our place and our nation.' t one of them, Caiphas, being high iest that year, said to them. 'You ow nothing at all; nor do you reflect at it is expedient for us that one man for the people, instead of the whole tion perishing.' This, however, he d not of himself; but being high iest that year, he prophesied that sus was to die for the nation; and not ly for the nation, but that He might ther into one the children of God o were scattered abroad. So from at day forth their plan was to put im to death." (John 11:53) This was e determination of Christ's enemies, but it would have been just as unavailing as all their previous plots and efforts but for one thing: This was the time God had chosen for the death of His Son. Christ at this time was telling His disciples: "You know that after two days the Passover will be here; and the Son of Man will be delivered up to be crucified." (Matthew 26:1) As Christ was to remind Pilate on the day of His death: "No man taketh My life from Me, but I lay it down of Myself."

The surge of enmity which Christ experienced during the last days of His earthly life was not something that had suddenly come into existence. Judas resented the fact that Christ did not intend to establish an earthly kinghom. He felt cheated. He kept the purse of the apostolic group, and he stole from it what he could, but it was not enough to satisfy his greed. It did not require a violent temptation for Judas to go to the enemies of Christ and betray Him.

Annas and Caiphas, the Jewish high priests, were certainly among the most malicious of those who worked against Our Lord. Their pretense of piety, their apparent zeal to carry out the smallest details of the Law, their unscrupulousness about causing Christ's death combined with their scrupulosity about having Him put to death on the Sabbath—all this leaves little room to excuse them or mitigate their guilt. It was these religious leaders who were able to carry out their evil intentions in spite of what almost everyone else intended. They threatened Pilate with being disloyal to Caesar if he did not execute Christ the King. And they gave volume and strength to their hatred by stirring up the mob to demand the crucifixion of Christ. "Away with Him. Crucify Him."

Opposition to Christ and hatred of Him extended from the beginning of His life to the close. It was unreasoning. bitter, ruthless. At any time, it could have caused His death. And if God had so willed, His death at any time would have procured the salvation of the world. In all the earlier opposition to Christ, His enemies were thwarted, but their efforts did serve a worthwhile purpose. They provided unshakeable proof that God's plans and God's power are always supreme. The soldiers of Herod who came to Bethlehem were just as strong in a physical sense as the soldiers of Pilate who brought Christ to Calvary and crucified Him. The former failed and the latter succeeded only because this was Christ's will.



Christ Taken Into Custody (Goya)

WE cannot know all the hidden purposes of God, but perhaps one reason why God so disposed things is that His followers of all succeeding ages might never forget the invincible strength and security of God. Down through the ages, that reminder has often been needed. Men attack and persecute the Church. They ceaselessly plan her destruction. Her condition has so often seemed hopeless. But God's power is able to sustain her and He never fails. Even when the enemies of Christ seem to succeed, their triumph is short-lived. To some, this seems a mystery; to us, it is simply the obvious. We remember that Jerusalem, nineteen hundred years ago, heard the cry: "Away with Him." It saw Christ led away. But it also saw Him return.

←

"And they took Jesus and led Him forth." (Jn. 19:16)

Photo by Harold Lambert

She gaily left us alone at the station

Remembrance of Helen

No one ever really leaves home. I see my daughter in the things she le behind. I can't help myself

by CECILE M. ROACH

THE house is full to brimming of her. Our daughter left yesterday morning to enter the convent. We know it is one of the greatest blessings that can come to us, but it is not easy to see a loved child depart. Perhaps this was one of the things in the small print that we neglected to read in the marriage contract. God has been very generous with us, and we must be generous with Him. We still have two lovely daughters at home with us.

After watching the streamliner take our brave little Helen on her way to realize her dream of long standing, her Dad and I returned home to a quiet house. Each attempted to give the other courage that we were striving so hard to find for ourselves. As we sat close together going over the years, we laughed and cried many times. We kept repeating the Lord's promise, "I will repay thee a hundredfold," and all day these words have been echoing in my ears.

It will be many weeks before we shall be able to fill the void in our lives and our hearts. At times, my mind plays tricks on me. I seem to see her shadow on the stairway and a vague perfume all her own seems to linger in every room. Sometimes I think I hear her cheerful humming of that lilting melody, "Till I Waltz Again With You," but it must be my neighbor's radio.

As I wander through the house, I enter her room and can almost visualize those last moments Helen spent there. I open the closet door and glance at all those familiar things that are hers. I peek through the plastic window of the garment bag and see several bridesmaid dresses worn at her friends' weddings and taffeta formals reminiscent of college proms. In neat rows on the floor are an assortment of shoes—heels, sandals, ankle straps, and some that scarcely look like a shoe. She has discarded them all now for the neat black oxford. The colorful collection of chapeaux on the upper shelf give gay testimony to her weakness for pretty hats. She has left them all behind and will don the black veil of the community of her choice. She knows that every Easter from now on she will wear the same bonnet.

We experienced many happy incidents in getting her "trousseau" ready. We planned and sewed all summer.

Then came time to buy the black stockings and stout black brogues. She was utterly amazed when I told her that I had worn black stockings when I went to elementary school. I shall never forget the day we bought the black oxfords. This little girl of ours is not small in stature. She is 5′ 7″ tall. S entered the shoe store looking v chic in her fitted red broadcloth co white felt hat, and gray flannel sh with purse to match. When she ask for a pair of Red Cross shoes, the sal lady looked at her in astonishment a said, "For you? Whatsamatter kid, y having foot trouble?" She calmly r plied, "Yes, my big toe hurts in the shoes." We laughed all the way hom

Then she had purchased the wro type of underwear and it had to exchanged. She approached the sale girl and said, "Grandma doesn't li this; she has to have sleeves." The sale girl was very accommodating as s said, "Here you are. We must kee Grandma warm."

THESE and hundreds of other litt things that we can recall with laug ter are helping us get through the first trying days. Helen's happy disp sition and unselfish devotion permea our memories. Do I hear music? Yes, it a recording of that snappy tune, "M Tap Toe," that Peg has just put on t phonograph. This is one of the sever records that our prospective nun boug just the day before she left. She is happy, fun-loving girl. I know s will be a credit to her Community.

The front door bell just rang. It w the mailman and he had a letter fro our Helen written on the train a telling us how much she loves us a thanking us for being so brave at t station. If she only knew, it was all bold front. It is because we love h so much that we could not stand in t way of her happiness, but rather want to help her fulfill God's plan. H Will for her is His Will for Dad and m So we give her back to Him. We tha God that He has chosen one of o fairest flowers for His garden.

THE Sign POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

Layman as Cardinal, Pope

Could a layman be elected Pope? Has a layman ever been made a Cardinal?—V. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.

That a papal election be valid, the one elected must be a male, baptized as a Catholic, and, of course, capable of accepting the responsibility. No divine law, no explicit Church law bars the election of a layman. In fact, the rules of procedure provide that, if the one elected be not already a bishop, he is to be consecrated by the dean of the Cardinals; if not already a priest, he is to be ordained by the same Cardinal, and then consecrated. Actually, no one has been elected Pope who was not already a Cardinal, since the time of Urban VI, who reigned from 1378 until 1389. Prior to his election to the Papacy, he had been Archbishop of Bari in Italy.

It is an interesting and practical question, whether or not a Pope may name his successor. No divine law prohibits such a nomination. Present Church laws call for the choice of a Pope by the College of Cardinals, and by vote of a two-thirds majority plus one. However, any Supreme Pontiff can modify any Church law. As a matter of fact, in the year 530, Pope Felix IV nominated Boniface II as his successor.

Since the time of Pope Sixtus V (1585-1590), no one could become a Cardinal unless he first received Tonsure and Minor Orders. Tonsure is a ceremony and a sacramental whereby a man is promoted from the status of a layman and is inducted among the clergy. On the way to the priesthood, the Minor Orders are the preliminary steps leading to the Major Orders whereby a candidate becomes a subdeacon, a deacon, and finally a priest. Two Cardinals who were not priests served as Secretary of State to the Holy Father during some of the most stormy times in the history of the Church. One was Cardinal Consalvi, who served during the reign of Pope Pius VII, who was dragged off into exile by Napoleon. The other was Cardinal Antonelli, who served under Pius IX, the first "Prisoner of the Vatican." Cardinal Antonelli was a deacon; Cardinal Consalvi had received at least Minor Orders. According to the present Code of Church Law, only a priest is eligible to the office and dignity of a Cardinal. (Canon 232)

Who's Normal?

Have read about the boycott of dress manufacturers by groups of Catholic girls. Should our young folks be so prissy?—M. S., Chicago, Ill.

First of all, to be prissy means to be artificially prim, a prig, a "pharisee." Do you think a girl is prudish to insist upon enough clothing to identify her as a human being and as a child of God? Or should she so dress as to cater to the morons with a weakness for pinups?

As a matter of fact, the boycott—or rather, the threatened boycott—on the part of several Catholic academies and colleges has worked out to the mutual advantage of the young folk and the dress concerns. Girls have been invited to design and model respectable attire, with the result that the sales response has been a bonanza for the manufacturers. The entire proceedings have been simply an intelligent and courageous combination of the First Article of the American Bill of Rights, the Sixth and Ninth Commandments of God, plus demand and supply.

Back in 1930, the Holy See recommended that Catholic women organize to foster modesty of dress, by way of timely advice, good example, and other practical means. There's nothing like a boycott for practicality! Furthermore, the Holy See insists that those who are not dressed modestly be refused Holy Communion, and be barred as sponsors at Baptism and Confirmation. To insist on modesty is to insist upon being normal.

Any Hope?

How about Catholics who get divorced and remarry out of the Church? Can they receive the last rites of the Church and Catholic burial?—F. T., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Because marriage is a sacrament and so sacred, it is sinful to obtain a civil divorce or even a civil decree of separation, without approval of Church authorities. In some dioceses, to sue for a divorce without permission of the Church is considered so grave a sin that its absolution is reserved to the bishop. To seek the divorce with a view to civil freedom for remarriage is still worse. An attempted remarriage by a Catholic divorcee, before a civil official or non-Catholic minister, is invalid. Any Catholic attempting remarriage incurs excommunication, a penalty established by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. Furthermore, if the remarriage be attempted before a non-Catholic religious official, another excommunication is incurred on that score.

What has been outlined above will serve to keynote the Church's anxiety to safeguard the sacredness of marriage and of the Catholic family. To be consistent, the Church cannot permit Catholic burial to a remarried divorcee, unless the sinner be reconciled to God by a worthy reception of the last sacraments, or at least give definite signs of repentance. Doubtful cases, and cases that are notorious because of public scandal, have to be referred to the bishop's office for decision. Because of the sacraments He has provided, we know that our Divine Saviour has not changed His attitude of mercy toward public sinners. He was criticized by hypocritical enemies as the "friend of sinners." He befriended even the eleventh-hour penitent on Calvary, but He insisted upon repentance. The Church's attitude is the same, and would be even to a repentant Stalin, but under

the proviso "now sin no more." (John 8: 3–11) In a case such as you are anxious about, genuine repentance includes, of course, a willingness to rectify, as much as can be, any sinful relationship, and thus to counteract misconduct so scandalous to others. Under those conditions, no matter how sinful the past, no matter how late the repentance, the Church will never refuse the sacraments of reconciliation.

Voice from India

Am a Roman Catholic of the Syro-Malabar Rite. I wish to have some pen-friends among the Catholic youth of America—also information about the National Federation of Catholic College Students of U. S.—Sebastian Elangimattam, Bharananganam, T. C. State, South India.

The NFCCS is a federation of nearly 200 student governments in U. S. Catholic colleges and universities. Grouped into regional councils and specialty centers, the Federation fosters many forms of Catholic Action, including assistance to Catholic college DP's. Its monthly journal is known as *The Forum*; for further information, address headquarters of NFCCS, 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington 5, D. C.

Since When?

Several non-Catholics claim to have been told by very good authority that priests do not take a complete vow of chastity. Please settle this.—M. W., New York, N. Y.

It is amusing to learn that such a claim is quoted from "very good authority." All Roman Catholic priests are obliged by the Church to celibacy, so much so that an attempt at marriage would be futile. In the case of a priest, any such "paper marriage" might pass muster with a civil court, but not with a court of God's Church.

The sole exception to celibacy are Catholic priests of Oriental churches who are permitted to marry (except in the U. S.) prior to ordination, though not permitted to remarry. Oriental married priests are a tiny minority. But Order Priests take the vow of chastity.

Fiction or Fact?

A business associate who is an intellectual, and sincere in his desire to get correct information, wants to know if there is any document attesting to the fact that Our Lord actually lived on this earth. He discounts the Bible and any philosophical writings of our saints.—M. G., New York, N. Y.

We do not doubt the sincerity of your questioner, but we do suspect that he is mentally "hog-tied" by prejudice. If so, that prejudice is based on the impression that a saint cannot be a scholar also, or on mere hearsay to the effect that the Bible is a pious myth.

Among the many saints who are famous as scholars, the Fathers of the Church and the Doctors of the Church are outstanding, not only as philosophers but also as historians. Whether Catholic or non-Catholic, any well-educated person knows that. Are we to suppose that the world's most reliable experts on religion were taken in by an unreliable Bible?

The Bible is sacred because it is inspired. By that, we mean the contents were dictated by God to human secretaries, who were inspired to record faithfully every fact, every idea. But even though the Bible were not inspired, it would still be reliable history. Aside from the 46 books of the Old Testament—where we find a preview of Christ—the 27 books of the New Testament attest to the career in this world of the Person known as Jesus Christ. That ea and every book is a foolproof document is admitted scholars as well as by saints—by Catholics, by non-Catho Christians, and even by non-Christians. No matter wh their reaction to Christ may be, Jewish scholars do not de that Christ is a real Person, that He lived and taught, su fered and died, that His career on earth can be pinned dov to the Holy Land and dated.

We may be sure that if the Jews and pagans of twen centuries ago could have unsaid the facts recorded in th New Testament, they would have done so. Humanly spea ing, the men who recorded the facts had nothing to ga by doing so, and much to lose—they died for their convi tions. Most of those writers lived with Christ, witnessi all that He said and did. For 1953 years, martyrs have bee dying in a spirit of loyalty to Christ—based on their co viction that the Bible is reliable history. When all is sa and done, the saints of Christ are the most intellectual pe ple the world will ever know.

Marriage With Non-Christian

Can a Catholic girl obtain a dispensation to marry a unbaptized boy? How long would it take to obtain? W. M., Syracuse, N. Y.

When a dispensation is given by the Church for marriag between a Catholic and a baptized non-Catholic, it is class fied as a case of "mixed religion." When a dispensation given for the marriage of a Catholic to a non-Christian, it classified as a case of "disparity of cult." An unbaptize person is not a Christian.

Whether baptized or not, if the non-Catholic party—afte thorough instruction in the Catholic ideals of marriage as sacrament—be willing to sign the customary solemn prom ises, a dispensation can be obtained. Those promises guai antee the freedom of the Catholic party to practice his c her religion, also the Catholic baptism and education of a children. The dispensation can be obtained within reason able time, even though the Church always gives it reluctantl and as a concession. Despite the promises, long and tragi experience has shown that such marriages are not promising for the couple are not of one mind and heart in matters c conscience.

Persecution?

I am a convert, my husband is a non-Catholic. Why do th Church authorities in Spain encourage the persecution o non-Catholics? Why does the Pope permit it and ye excommunicate a Boston priest for his views?—S. W., Lo Angeles, Calif.

This question can be applied also to the alleged persecutio of non-Catholics in Italy and Colombia. However, if ther be no persecution, then persecution is not being encourage by Church authorities, nor is it being permitted by the Pop The word "persecution" is extremely misleading and is quotation from those who are hostile to the Church. Wh is it that so many people accept, in a spirit of unquestion ing faith, the garbled reports so typical of the secular pres on religious topics? That's a human mystery. And why is i that so many Catholics do not read their diocesan papers but stay in the dark not only as to a denial, but also a refuta tion of garbled reports?

In no country of today's world does the Catholic Churc persecute people because they are non-Catholics and ar determined to remain non-Catholics. Any such decision i up to every individual's free conscience. But, as you know the Church has a conscientious conviction that one religio is not, and cannot be, as good as another—that the onl religion entirely acceptable to God is Roman Catholi Christianity. For that reason, the Church is saddened b

ry renegade Catholic and welcomes every sincere con-
t. But the Church wants no unconvinced, unwilling con-
t. You can shanghai a sailor, but not a convert.
However, the Church would be insanely indifferent and
onsistent, were she to stand aside—*in a Catholic country*
nd say to all comers: "Welcome! We consider your re-
ious ideas wrong, heretical, misleading to men and unac-
ptable to God—but, just the same, talk it over with our
pple. Backed by American dollars, do all you can to
eviate their poverty, and in that way soften up their al-
iance. May the best man win!"
A Catholic country is one where the overwhelming ma-
ity of the population are Catholics, and where the gov-
nment is Catholic in the sense that the nation is run
cording to Catholic ideals. So, when the public conscience
Catholic, neither Church nor State can be indifferent to
rulers who play hob with the religious principles dear to
e individuals who make up the nation at large. In a
tholic country, it is one thing to allow non-Catholics to
rship God according to their consciences, and the Church
es that. It is quite another thing to allow them free fling
break down Catholic faith, morals, and worship. No
tter what the issues may be—birth control, divorce, the
inity of Christ, the infallible reliability of His Vicar
earth, the sacrament of repentance, the Eucharistic Real
esence—it is the duty of the shepherds to protect the flock.
As for the "Boston heresy," the kindest as well as the truest
ng to say is that most of those entangled in it are not
ntally normal. It is a typical case of going to extremes.
balance our thoughts—on the one hand, the Vicar of
rist cannot tolerate non-Catholic attempts to despoil
tholics of their faith. On the other hand, to be con-
ent, the Vicar of Christ need not claim that all non-
tholics are automatically due for eternal damnation. We
commend that you read again the "Sign Post" reply, un-
r the caption "Wolves," issue of March, 1953.

rtners

Aside from Christ and His Mother, what assurance have we ordinary people as to a resurrection?—T. B., WASHINGTON, D. C.

e resurrection of mankind means that when the proba-
n of the human family is completed, there will be a
nion of all human souls and bodies, as a prelude to
d's judgment of the world at large. This revival of the
man body will be accomplished by a reunion of each
man soul with the life-partner belonging to it—no prob-
n for the Creator who brought body and soul together
the first time at the moment of conception.
Since you are a Catholic, you will welcome an official state-
nt of our faith in a resurrection, voiced by the Church's
urth Lateran Council, in the year 1215, in words to
s effect: At the end of the world, Christ will come "to
dge the living and the dead, and will render to every man
cording to his works." (Matt.: 16:27) All—both bad and
od—will arise with their own bodies which they now
ve, that they may receive, according to their merits,
rnal punishment or eternal glory with Christ. For a
tholic, that statement is amply reliable, for the simple
son that the Council, headed by Pope Innocent III, was
allibly reliable. The resurrection of everybody, as a
ure fact, is also a point of the Apostles' Creed: "I believe
the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting."
No Pope or Council "manufactures" a belief. An infalli-
statement merely clarifies and emphasizes what has been
ealed already by God Himself, either in the written mes-
es of Scripture or in the oral message called Tradition.
t how realistic the resurrection will be is indicated as far back as the Book of Job: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day I shall rise out of the earth. And I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God." (19:25, 26) We may well apply to the war dead the words of Isaias: "The earth shall disclose her blood, and shall cover her slain no more." (26:21) Take a little time out and read the seventh chapter of the Second Book of Machabees, for it is only that sort of faith in the resurrection that steadies the martyrs of today. St. Paul exhorted the Thessalonians: "Concerning them that are asleep, be not sorrowful, as others who have no hope. (1 Thess.: 4:13 onward) In his first epistle to the Corinthians, the Apostle harps upon the resurrection of Christ as both the pattern and guaranty of our own. (C. 15) We assume, of course, that you have ready to hand a set of "God's Library"—the books of the Bible—and that you will check these quotations thoughtfully. The weal or woe of your resurrection hangs in the balance. Be sure to include the fifth chapter of St. John's Gospel.

Divided Allegiance

A friend maintains that, provided we first attend Mass at our own church, we are free to attend services at Protestant churches. Is that permissible?—J. B., EVANSTON, ILL.

No. It is permissible to attend services in those churches only whose creed and morals and worship we profess. Churches that differ in creed differ likewise in worship. Thus to hew to the line is not narrow—it is merely consistent. The only allowable exceptions would be attendance at a non-Catholic funeral or wedding, and under the proviso that we would take no active part in the religious service. It would be, of course, quite neutral merely to visit non-Catholic churches when prompted by the spirit normal to the tourist—an interest in historical sites, architecture, etc.

Miracles in Canada

Are there shrines in Canada where miraculous cures have taken place?—R. S., JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Among the Catholic shrines of Canada which have been favored by miracles, two are outstanding—Saint Anne de Beaupré, a short distance from Quebec, and the Shrine of Saint Joseph at Montreal, served for many years by the saintly Brother André, whose canonization is under consideration at the present time.

Snowed Under

Since your February issue of the "Sign Post," have you any further information about Our Lady of the Snows?—T. M., BOSTON, MASS.

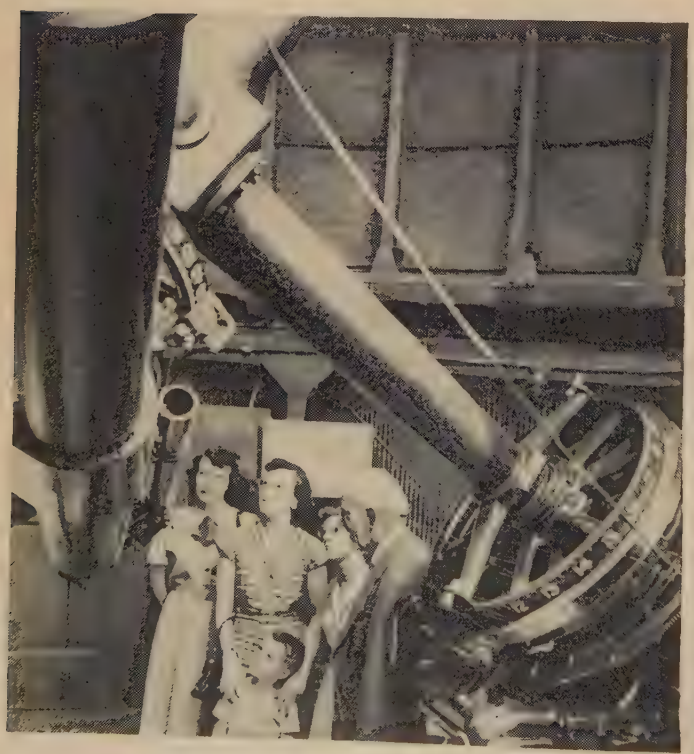
Ever since February, we have been snowed under with information from all over the country about the Shrine of Our Lady of the Snows, maintained by the Oblate Fathers at Belleville, Ill. Apparently, devotion to Our Lady under that title was begun in the U.S.A. by Father Schulte, O.M.I., known as "the Flying Priest," who had introduced the devotion among the Eskimos. For literature, contact Belleville.

Home for Aged

What are the requirements for admission to a home for the aged run by the Little Sisters of the Poor?—M. M., NEWARK, N. J.

For a reliable answer to your six-point inquiry, contact the Little Sisters of the Poor in your neighborhood, at S. 8th & W. Market Sts., Newark 7, N. J.

The home of accurate time—the U. S. Naval Observatory in Washington, D. C.



A guide explains one of the shorter wide angle telescopes that are used to scan wide areas of the sky.

A little boy inspects the zenith tube which is one of the most essential instruments for determining time.

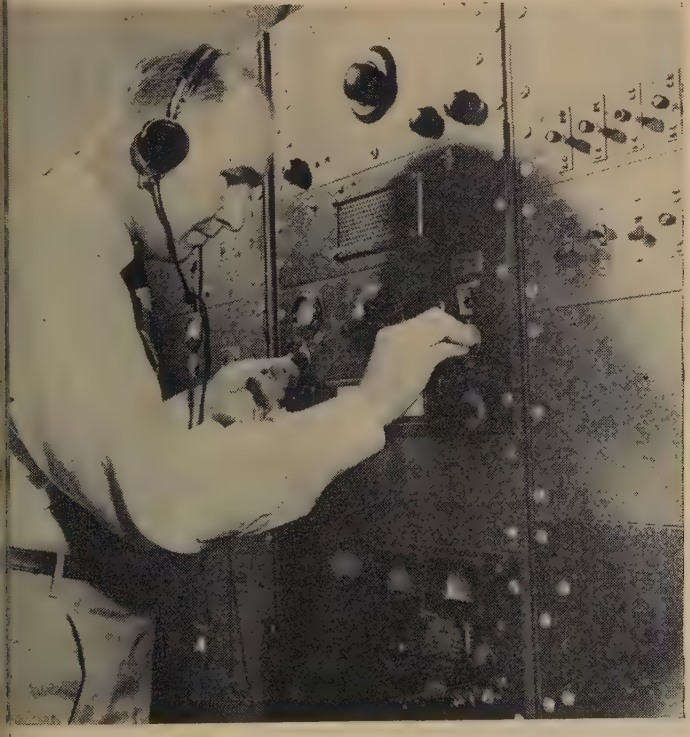
They Give You the Right Time

here is a long and complicated story ehind the little "peep" that you hear ourly over your radio

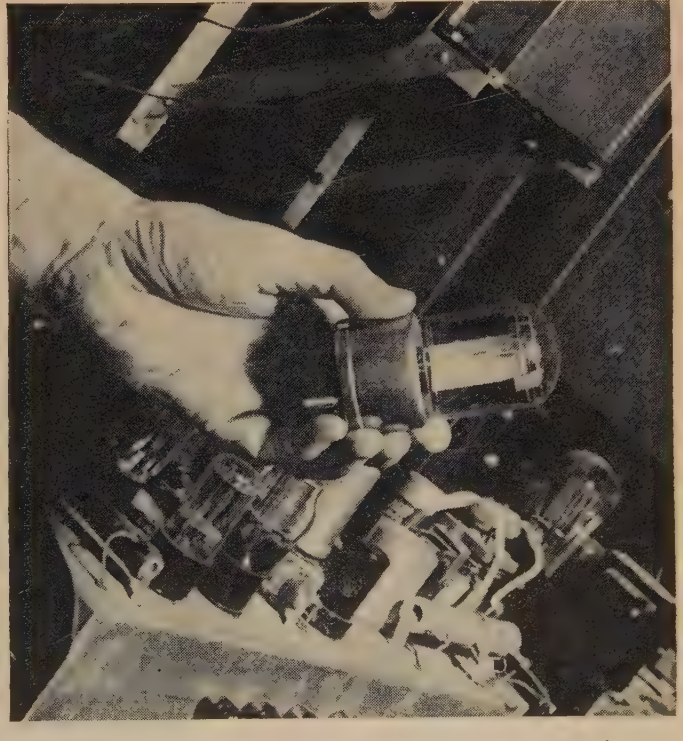
When you hear that little "peep" come over the adio between programs, you are not only getting time, ou are getting time accurate to within .002 seconds, ourtesy of the United States Government. But the orrect time is easy to obtain; that everyone takes for ranted. You may be able to get it from your reliable ristwatch, but the Government has to go to the very ars for the correct time!

To determine the time, which is an expression of ie earth's rotation, astronomers must be able to ob- rve this rotation. Using a specially designed vertical lescope called photo-graphic zenith tube, astronomers the Observatory can tell the instant that a star is irectly overhead, and so determine the correct time. wice a day the superclocks are checked against the ars and against each other. Their reading is always ccurate to within .002 seconds. Then the "peep" is nt over the air by radio transmitter connected with a rystal controlled chronometer which is the hub of ie nation's time.

The marker used for determining the exact latitudes and longitudes from which time computations are made.



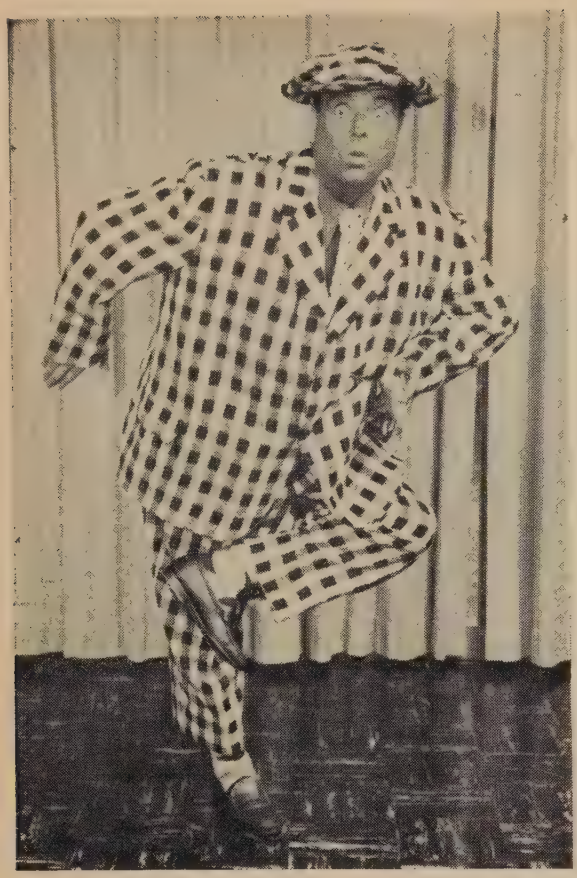
This man is sending out correct time and information to ships at sea. An important phase of the work.



The heart of the crystal clock—a tube that contains a flat crystal that vibrates 100,000 times per second.

RADIO AND TELEVISION

by ***JOHN LESTER***



Jackie Gleason, ex-vaudevillian, carnival barker, daredevil, now one of TV's fastest-climbing stars

Eddie Cantor, like Gleason and Berle, won his personal war with TV jinxes

THE month of May begins what is known as "the dog days" in radio and television.

These are the days, and nights too, during which there is very little programming of quality compared to that of the regular season when there's plenty to see and hear right around the clock.

That being the case, let's grab a look at the past.

What kind of a year has it been in radio and television?

In a word, it has been good, very, good, the best yet.

Programming has leaped both in quality and quantity over the 1951-52 season, and the presidential campaigns and atom bomb tests were only two of the great public service high spots covered for millions of viewers and listeners.

Berle's Comeback

In television, exclusively, one of the top performances was the "comeback" of Milton Berle, which was sparked by a really startling personal and format transformation. The big guy's *Texaco Star Theatre* had slipped below the first twenty leaders by the spring of 1952, and he didn't like it a bit.

But what to do?

Berle hired the ace of all TV writers, Goodman Ace, and, between them, they changed both "Mr. TV" and his long-time vaudeville format to put him back among the first three. Most of the critics including this one, thought the chances of Berle's making a "comeback" were slim, and they were, but he went right ahead anyhow.

The man deserves worlds of credit.

The Poor Soul

While Milton was winning a victory over himself—and man can win no greater victory—a cherubic-faced Irishman named Jackie Gleason was consolidating his position as "The Comedian of the Year" on television.

An orphan who had three months of high school and earned a Ph.D. in pool halls, the thirty-six-year-old Brooklyn-born Gleason has been around show business a long time as vaudevillian, carnival barker, disc jockey, burlesque comedian, high diver at county fairs, daredevil driver in an auto circus, Broadway comic, night club emcee, motion picture bit player and, always, one of the brashest and most likeable young fellows imaginable.

In one of his Hollywood efforts he was "a hard-riding Arab," if you can stand the thought, and in another he was a tough gangster at $250-a-week "but I had to buy my own ammunition."

Even though he worked and made a little money, Jackie never really clicked, however, and was just considered "around" in the entertainment trade. Then, three years ago, he put together a series of comedy characters: "Rudy the Repairman," "The Poor Soul," "Reggie Van Gleason," "The Loud Mouth," "Joe, The Bartender," "The Honeymooners." and a few others, and a new star was born.

That star has only begun its climb, I think, and there are no limits to the heights it can attain. It all depends on Gleason, himself, one of the funniest men I ever knew.

In addition to his heavy-money TV

ntract with CBS, Jackie's record al-
ıms, "Music For Lovers," Music For
ssing," and "Lover's Rhapsody" (in
ur parts), are enjoying a sprightly
le; Twentieth Century-Fox wants him
do *The Life of W. C. Fields;* Broad-
ay wants him for a revival of *Take A*
hance, and there are other offers,
ındreds of them, too many.

On the anxious side is Jackie's health,
hich isn't too good. He takes off and
ıts on weight at a 50-pound clip as
adily as a woman does a hat, and this
oesn't help. Also, he can rarely get to
eep any more—he once went eight
ays without shutting an eye—and this
even worse.

Can Jackie lick success as he has al-
ady licked failure?

I think he can. I hope he can. I
ay he can. Show business needs such
aracters, especially at the top, and the
ore the merrier, although, alas, there
ever will be very many.

Arthur Godfrey's Gamble

Gleason's health wasn't the best when
went into TV but, weak or strong,
e cameras are no aid to longevity and
is was the year in which the pace be-
n to tell on many, notably Eddie
ntor, who suffered a very serious
art attack after one of his TV hours.

Even the seemingly indestructible Ar-
ur Godfrey winced a bit this year and
ade a—for him and for CBS to which
represents about $15,000,000 in an-
ıal gross income—big decision. He
cided to risk surgery on a hip that was
jured in a near-fatal car crash about
enty years ago. The injury left him
th a limp and has become more both-
some and even painful of late due to
e increasing demands of television.

So "King" Arthur will go under the knife early this month and will, consequently, be off both radio and TV, except in the case of transcriptions, until late August or early September.

The Trends Fulfilled

In addition to the Berle, Gleason, Cantor, and Godfrey milestones and incidents, television's best year was marked by the further fulfillment of established and predicted trends.

This, in its way, is a glimpse into the future and the glimpse is most encouraging.

The networks gave us more and more big, spectacular, important public events and all chalked up terrific ratings, giving the thumb to those lardheads in the broadcasting industry who've always considered the average listener-viewer incapable of understanding or assimilating any but the most insipid fare.

Comedy shows also hit an all-time rating high, as did dramatics and sports events. Puppet shows like *Kukla, Fran and Ollie* and *Rootie-Kazootie* were still very much with us and will probably always be, since they're ideally suited to TV and vice versa. Western filmed series were on the increase and some were proving a bonanza to actors who hadn't done too well in pictures, among them Guy Madison, who's currently enjoying the success of his career as the *Wild Bill Hickok* of television and lately, radio, too.

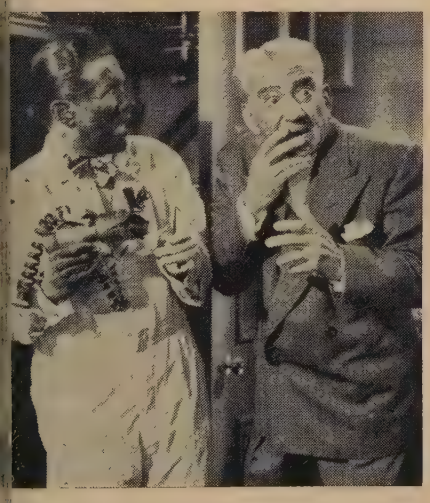
Family-situation shows also had a good year, and 1953-54 will be even better for this category from a standpoint of both quantity and quality.

Musical shows of various sizes likewise did well, shows like *The Dinah Shore Show* and *Those Two,* with Pinky Lee and Martha Stewart, and the science-fiction category as represented by *Captain Video* has only just begun to find itself on television.

In Brief

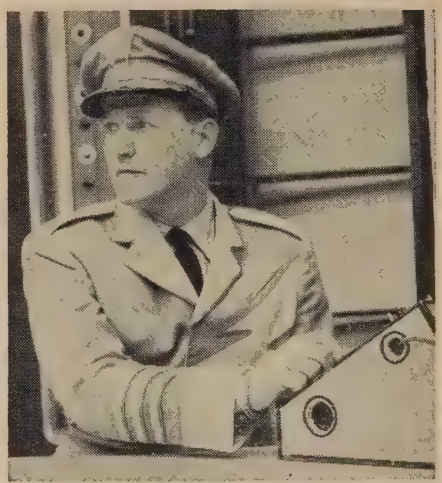
TV's *Baseball Hall Of Fame* is being readied. A weekly, 15-minute series, it'll be to baseball fans what *Greatest Fights of the Century* is to fight fans by reshowing film-captured great moments in *The Great American Pastime.* The series will reach as far back as the days of Christy Mathewson and what a pitcher he was, eh, grandpop? . . . The Patent Office has renewed rights on Ed Wynn's comic pianocycle, in case you were worried. . . . Edward Arnold, the *Mr. President* of radio, nearly ran for mayor of Los Angeles during the last go-round, it can now be revealed. . . . THE SIGN's Anita Colby turned down $1,000 a week to work with Dave Garroway on NBC-TV's *Today* series. Her assignment was to have been news and women's features. . . . Fibber McGee and Molly (Jim and Marion Jordan) just gave NBC their final answer: They will not do the TV version of their long-time radio series, mostly for reasons of taxes and health, so NBC will get others, as in the case of CBS-TV and *Amos 'n' Andy.* . . . The Vatican sent a scroll, complete with Papal blessing, to a New York TV show called *Opera Cameos* for its contribution to good music.

"Rootie Kazootie," still very much with us

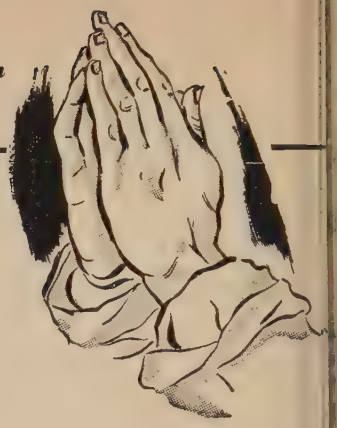


NTREPID — Robert Cummings of Hollywood won TV success in "My Hero," comic series with John Litel as the long-suffering "boss."

FOUR OF A KIND — Dennis Day, shown with his three sons, will make $500,000 this year playing numbskull roles. And that takes real brains.



ONLY THE BEGINNING—Al Hodge as "Captain Video." The science-fiction category has just begun to find itself on TV.



The Agony in the Garden

by **GERALD VANN, O.P.**

OUR Lord's agony in the garden is for us a deeply consoling event. His story fulfills all those partial insights, all those adumbrations of the reality, which are to be found in the myths and legends, the rites and symbols, of the races of the world: the symbol of the hero embarking on his "dark journey," going down into the "death" of the dark forest or dark waters and there meeting and conquering the enemy, the serpent, or the dragon, and so rising again into the fullness of light and life.

But there is one very obvious difference. In those stories, the struggle (the agony) is an external one; in the story of Christ, it is an internal one, as it is to be for us also.

And it is indeed a real struggle, as the evangelist makes very clear. Our Lord's senses could not but recoil from the pain of the Passion; His will in its natural instinctive workings could not but want to refuse the challenge of death. Against these stood, and fought, the deliberate choosing of His rational will, His will to do the will of His Father even to the end.

It is consoling for us, then, when we find ourselves reluctant to do God's will, when we find ourselves tempted to rebel, or to run away, to reflect that here too Christ has been before us. The test of love and holiness is not that from the beginning a man should be emotionally eager and full of zest to do God's bidding, but simply that in fact the thing is done, and if possible (but perhaps after much inward struggling) done readily and even gladly.

And when we in our turn have our struggles, what is the dragon within us which we have to meet and conquer? In the last resort it is selfishness, self-centeredness, self-love regardless of the claims of God's will and God's law. But that self-love can assume many forms.

It can be any of the forms of wrong willing and doing which we call the capital vices. Pride says, I will not serve, because service of any kind is repugnant to it. Avarice says, I will not serve, because the service would put an end to its idolatry of money, possessions, material things. Lust will not serve because its aim is pleasure and comfort; anger, because its aim is to destroy; and so with the others. But there is one of the vices which carries with it a peculiar difficulty: the vice of sloth. The other vices can be conquered if there is the *will* to conquer; but sloth consists precisely in the *absence* of will. How then is it conquerable?

As devotedness is not an emotional thing but a quality of will—the will to give oneself readily to God's service no matter what one may be feeling—so sloth also is not a question of feelings but of the will, a deep-seated refusal to give oneself to that service. Hence we should not confuse it with other quite different things which may bear a superficial resemblance to it. Fatigue of mind or body, ill-health, nerve strain, may all produce a reluctance to do anything for God; but it is not sloth, and the cure for it is the natural cure of rest and relaxation.

Laziness, again, is a condition of body or of mind, a love of comfort or of idleness, which can be conquered by devotedness. Most of us know moods of depression and melancholy; and the important thing in dealing with them is to discover their cause. It may be physical or mental ill-health, it may be that some gift we have is being frustrated and atrophied, it may be that there is some lack of adjustment between our deep personal needs and desires and the actual circumstances of our life. It may be some moral difficulty which we are not meeting in the right way, it may be the conviction that we are not progressing at all because our habitual failings continue to defeat all our efforts to overcome them (though beneath these perhaps superficial failings there may in fact be a substantial progress in the love of God). In all these cases there is a solution to b found which has nothing necessaril to do with the conquering of sloth.

But what then is to be done if it i in fact sloth which besets us? We ca learn from this story of Our Lord's ow struggle. First, the prayer, "Thy will not mine, be done." If we pray tha prayer constantly and humbly, eve though we can mean it only partially it must gradually have its effect on us we shall begin to mean it more fully and our wills being more and mor made one with God's will, we shal come gradually to be better equippe beforehand to bring the struggle, whe it comes, to a successful issue.

Secondly, Our Lord is helped by th angel. We do well to reflect sometime that we have behind us the might o the spirit-world if only we call upon it we have the charity of the saints, th power and tenderness of Our Lady, th redeeming love of her Son. If we fai in our temptations, not having called on this immensity of power to help us we have only ourselves to blame.

FINALLY, the gloom of sloth is only to be dispelled by finding joy in God that is only to be acquired through "con templation of divine things"—through learning and living in our minds and hearts the mystery of God: learning a little (through reading and so on) about God and His mercy, praying as best we can to God and for His mercy And in particular we can learn and think and pray about this agony in the garden, when Christ too felt so deeply the sense of frustration and disappoint ment, and a deep anguished reluctance for so we may find, perhaps to ou surprise, the strength to go through with the trial whatever it may be.

The very fact that there is so little joy in the doing of it now may mean al the greater joy at another time—th eternal joy into which those are called to enter who have been faithful servant even though they had little emotiona joy to help them on; the final joy tha is unflecked with sorrow, and that ca never be taken from them.

REV. GERALD VANN, English Dominican author of many books, is one of the greatest living writers on spiritual subjects. The present article is the seventh of a series on the mysteries of the Rosary.

Books

E HOUR AWAITS

By March Cost. *285 pages.*
Lippincott. *$3.50*

March Cost

ides of Mrs. Bur- t and Baroness zy! *The Hour aits* is the ultimate the novel as a fem- ne art form. It is p opera (of an ex- sive French kind) h an Austrian ncess incognita for heroine, international intrigue for itement, and Parma violets and an- ral pearls for atmosphere.

Victoria of Babenberg and twenty- r hours of her life on a visit to ndon are its plot. She is there on a l mission—to retrieve a compro- ing family document from an ivory quary in the Victoria and Albert seum and to renew a romance that been eleven years a-cooling. he whole world conspires to help or der her—a British general, a Cabinet nister, a botanist, an opera star, an lid urchin, and innumerable rela- s in varying stages of decay—and her beau. She is courted, thwarted, licized, rejected, pursued, and sent g-stemmed roses.

t is a tale of high fashion, high life, middling morality. Anachronistic artificial, the novel is nevertheless barkling success. The flashbacks are ly handled, the portraits distinctive, the climax is both ironic and ing. Miss Cost's writing fits her icomic theme and elegant heroine fectly.

ddicts of science fiction or barnyard ism will reject *The Hour Awaits* shudders. But almost anyone else nale particularly) who yearns for modish tranquillity of yesteryear buys a magazine because Margaret e is on the cover will find in Miss t's story a world enchanted.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

PATHWAY TO HEAVEN

y Henry Bordeaux. *240 pages.*
ellegrini & Cudahy. *$3.00*

athway to Heaven is a spirited and resting story of a priest, who, in ring a pathway to heaven for him- and his parishioners, runs up against malice of people who have nothing er to do than to destroy others, a ice compounded of fear, hatred, weakness, and inability to express the good that lies within them. The struggle here is not between the individual and authority, nor between sense and soul, but is the struggle to bring all human gifts, especially the arts, under supernatural influence without destroying their validity as things and, in this instance, without subordinating the priest's vocation to his creativity.

The Abbe Merval says that there is no such thing as bad art; if it isn't good it isn't art. The pursuit of light on the things it animates is a daily miracle, but it is the same light whether seen by artist or priest; in fact, art, which is ultimately a work of God, does much to reconcile man to God.

When the Abbe Merval is sent to a remote mountain village in order to tone down his unconventional behavior and to give him time to discover himself, he sets in motion a whirlwind of redemptive activity; his fervor for souls is inexhaustible, and he does not hesitate to use unconventional means. He asks himself why the saints put so much value on suffering and answers, "Because it was the only means of collaborating with Christ in the Redemption of souls sunk in sin." This is the path he will try to follow.

Bordeaux, long a member of the French Academy, writes with brilliance and imagination and with a Gallic lightness of touch that is hard to translate. The translation is loose and uneven. In spite of this, the novel is profound and moving—the discussion of painting is brilliant, but too long, and the descriptions of natural beauty are beautiful.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

THE SWAN

By Marguerite Steen. *256 pages.*
Houghton Mifflin. *$3.00*

M. Steen

Miss Steen begins this novel as an idyllic pastoral of nineteenth-century England, drags her characters through an emotional mire, and leaves them there. The most complicated is Julia, an attractive spinster, who comes to live as companion to her recently widowed friend, Hariot. When Pelham, Hariot's husband's illegitimate son, is expelled from school and forced to be tutored at home, both women, for different reasons, find in him the fulfillment of their emotional needs. A subtle rivalry develops over their "swan." Pelham fiercely resents his mother's domination and quickly conceives the expected schoolboy crush for Julia. While she secretly returns this hopeless infatuation, she entertains the possibility of marriage to Hariot's brother and Pelham's guardian, Sir Miles Cary, a handsome, lecherous widower. Miles desires Julia, but will not allow marriage to change his comfortable, dissipated bachelorhood. When the innocent Pelham is suspected of having got a village girl with child, Hariot trembles under Miles' earlier threat to send him to sea should he misbehave under her care. As she flees abroad with Pelham, the tense situation disintegrates rapidly into chaos.

If anyone achieves any sort of catharsis from these experiences, it is probably Julia, who sees herself in truer perspective. The price of this new understanding is complete humiliation before the sneering Miles when she appeals to him on Pelham's behalf. It is hardly a pleasant ending to what began so tranquilly. All that Miss Steen's efforts seem to have achieved is the destruction of hope and integrity in her characters.

PAULA BOWES.

SOCIETY AND SANITY

By F. J. Sheed. *274 pages.*
Sheed & Ward. *$3.00*

F. J. Sheed

This is a sequel to Mr. Sheed's *Theology and Sanity* wherein he discussed man's relation to God. His present theme is "man-to-man": if we stand by principle we can get along in society, with father, with mother, with husband or wife, with our neighbor, our government, with other nations. On the other hand, we cannot support the politician who thinks that the state must control education, nor can we appease a Red tyrant who thinks he is God.

With his many years of street-preaching behind him, the author's aim is sharp and sure. Stand by the principle relentlessly. "Sanity means seeing what is, living in the reality of things." Sanity demands that we *know* man before we can treat him as a brother. Karl Marx did not really know what man is or he

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would not have urged a classless society on him. Similarly Hitler and Stalin were misled. They tried to create a new humanity and failed.

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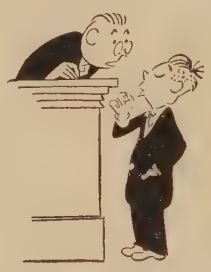
Man, the family, marriage, government—all are scrutinized under Mr. Sheed's sees-all-knows-all lens. Here is another *Map of Life.* Here is a fine set of principles for a world worried by the insanity of a few heedless knaves.

JOHN L. MADDEN.

LISTEN, VIENNA

By James J. Galvin. *307 pages.*
Perpetual Help Press. *$3.00*

Listen, Vienna is a beautiful and interesting biography of St. Clement Hofbauer, told with dramatic and imaginative vigor. The movement is quick, yet every action is described with great beauty. Though St. Clement suffers every obstacle man can face, cruelty, persecution, slander, he always comes up with a practical solution—he weathers every storm because of his God-centered life, his wit and resourcefulness. The secret of his influence on men of all sorts, especially the romanticists, lay in the fact that he *lived* the



Final Appearance

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—Peter F. Ryan

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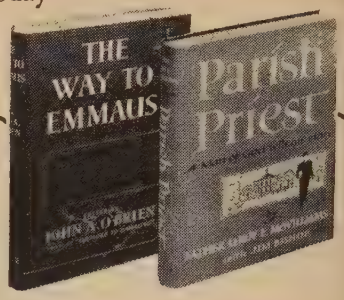

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N. ELIZABETH MONROE

INVITATION TO FOLLY

By Susan Ertz. *276 pages.*
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A swiftly paced narrative of middle-aged adultery in an upper-middle or lower-upper-class English family. Miss Ertz writes with charm and some distinction. Her characters are penetratingly and most believably drawn. As a story-teller she has complete command over the literary incidentals and accidentals that make easy, pleasant reading; and she is mistress of the subtleties of building pleasurable suspense. She is a craftswoman.

It would seem, however, that in this book she set her undoubted novelistic skill to do just one thing, to build a thumping circulating-library best-seller. So she seems to have done a bit of borrowing here and there. The creator of Lady Windermere made quite a good thing out of her early indiscretion. Miss Ertz suavely presents her own Lady Chadwick. Miss Du Maurier has done nicely, thank you, with rather forbidding country estates and semisinister relatives from abroad. Up pops Miss Ertz with Mulgrove in Hertfordshire and deceptively cozy Cousin Alice, from Canada by way of Arles. Graham Greene has found that a Catholic sense of remorse over sexual sin has not hurt his income tax. Miss Ertz cleverly contrives to have Sir Arthur Chadwick under instruction on the road to Rome. He changes his mind about "coming over" at the end of the book; but that probably does not hurt at some circulating libraries, either. Miss Ertz is taking no chances, as in her portrait of Father Townshend, a dear "little" priest, really; but a shocking vulgarian for all his brilliant mind. His boots squeaked! Not so Miss Ertz's new novel.

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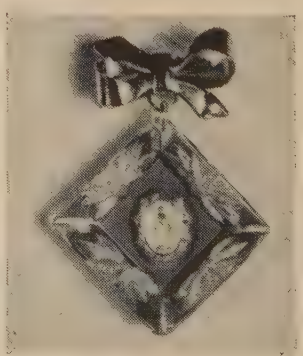

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DORAN HURLEY

THE LAUGHING MATTER

By William Saroyan. *254 pag*
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William Saroyan has unleashed a v lent emotional cataclysm in his lat novel, a force he has failed to curb properly channel. It whips up a fre of hatred, murder, suicide, aborti and violent death, all in a moral v uum from which its characters do n even momentarily escape. They are v tims of the modern *malaise,* earni only part of the sympathy and co passion lavished by the author.

When he disciplines himself, the sto is a taut and, at times, brilliant v nette of a frantic attempt to save tottering marriage. Though he sets t stage with care, Saroyan permits l characters to writhe through their c sis in strangely unaffecting style. I has nullified passages of tremendo force and stark simplicity with irrita ing devices and defeatist philosophy.

Evan Nazaremus, a professor Armenian descent, learns that his wif Swan, is expecting a child by anoth man. His rage and battered pride a further tortured by her own lack sorrow or understanding. Though th make the attempt to restart, it is n successful. On the fringe, observing ar feeling with the intensity of childre thrown into chaos before their tim are the children, Eva and Red.

If their self-made tragedy is no laug ing matter, neither is it one for th bleak, ferocious reaction that lea along the path of no return. Saroya wraps up his plot in a burst of mel drama that is both incongruous and u convincing. He knows his people we and sketches them deftly, but his plo ting and development of a tragic them leave much to be desired. More's th pity, for some passages are among th most affecting he has ever written.

JERRY COTTER.

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promoting them. The other part of his happiness, and perhaps the great part, he found in his life as a husband, a father, and a Catholic.

Meynell was the husband of a beautiful, gifted woman who was worshipped by such great men as Coventry Patmore and George Meredith. He was the father of seven children, one of them the author of this book about him. He was a Catholic who worked closely in Catholic journalism with the liberal, farsighted Cardinal Manning. He was a rounded, complete, charming, and generous man who died in 1948 at the age of ninety-six, after a lifetime of positive, constructive activity. Viola Meynell's portraits of her father, of her mother, of Thompson, and of others in the brilliant and attractive Meynell circle are touched with affection and skill. Wilfrid Meynell and Francis Thompson, in particular, emerge as literary creations of a high order. Whatever mood informs any incident in their lives—whether pathos, or humor, or nobility—Miss Meynell projects it with quiet, assured mastery. Her structural and stylistic sense is admirable. The humanity of her father and the artistry of her mother are joined together in her temperament as a writer.

JOHN E. DINEEN.

PROMISES TO KEEP

By William E. Walsh, Ph.D. 253 pages.
P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $3.00

". . . and a little child shall lead them" is the pivot in this heart-tugging chronicle of an American family. Bill and Avis, childhood sweethearts, who married in 1930 and living in abject poverty most of the time, grew, loved, fought, and laughed their way, with the twelve sprightly children they raised, through more than twenty of the toughest years a Christian family has ever known; and besides the tremendous economic burden in keeping his brood in food, clothing, and shelter, William E. Walsh managed to work for an M.A. and eventually a Ph.D!

Incredible and fantastic, the skeptics say. But here in prose that is rich in vitality, humor, compassion, and Christianity, the reader follows the perseverant Walshes in their struggle for existence. And with them he suffers not only their pathos when Bill had to sell some of his books for food, the tragedy of sickness among the children, the courageous battle which frightened Avis had to wage when her husband was stricken with pneumonia and the household was without food or money, the threat of eviction just before Christmas, but also their joys and ecstasies in always being able to find a way out of their dilemma.

In leaving this delightful volume which is beautifully illustrated with drawings by Reisie Lonette, one co away with the feeling that the Wal mode of life is truly blessed by And the words of Bill clearly bear out when he says:

". . . The children loved life God with all their hearts and souls, because they loved, they understo He and his wife had been going backward, had been trying, as adults to understand first, to know first. the children taught them the secre true knowledge. Through love, thro extravagant love and complete d tion, man achieves knowledge.

FRANK DELL'ISOL

FIRST BLOOD

By Jack Schaefer. 133 pa
Houghton Mifflin. $

Just as film director John Ford i memorable motion picture, *Stage Co* set new standards of warmth humanity and humor for a type screen play that William S. Hart fixed into a dully grim pattern, so Jack Schaefer in his first Western no *Shane.*

He does it again in *First Blo* Here is an exciting story, chuck-wag full of swaying mail coaches, banditry and gunplay, that yet has sturdy integrity of a likeable you lad finding himself through all welter of gore. Jess, the twenty-year- stage driver, tells the story of cockiness and brashness—and his com of emotional age—most believably the first person. *First Blood* is not *se* a boy's book; but it is a book adolescent might well read w thoughtful profit as well as sheer delig

Schaefer has written Jess's story novello form. For good measure, publishers have added a short sto *Jacob,* in similar genre. But while book is small and the pagination sli that is rather the result of an inter ing experiment than of the quality Schaefer's fluent writing and warm of characterization.

By co-operation with Ballanti Books, publishers of pocket editio Houghton Mifflin have been able issue *First Blood* in regular hard-co form at a price about 60 per c lower than the usual so-called "trad books. At the same time, Ballantine publishing a paper-bound edition this same book for thirty-five cents. Y examine your purse and you make yo choice. The dual publishers' o choice was a happy one. *First Blo* is first rate, as warm and human a exciting a Western novel as a Jo Ford film. More books like this m well be the answer to present right concern about the harmful effects up adolescents of drugstore and ne stand pocket-book effluvium.

DORAN HURLEY.

E BOYDS OF BLACK RIVER

) Walter D. Edmonds. 248 pages.
odd, Mead. $3.00

s novel is definitely summer fiction. Edmonds is naturally at liberty vrite as he pleases—a vignette, say, describes the fading Victorian era ne turn of the century in one of its rural strongholds, in upstate New k. But if the Boyds had no more ommend them than the ability to ed and train horses, the while ying a country gentleman's life to fullest, it is difficult to see why r lives deserve a "chronicle" except he bitter *Forsyte* tradition which Edmonds has avoided. He likes Boyds—Uncle Ledyard and his nelor son Doone and the musty Boyd house in which they live, ed by a few faithful retainers. He roud of the wealthy and beautiful y O'Chelrie, a prototype of the in-ndent modern young woman, who ly marries Doone, usurping some his affections for the great trotter Dandy who, by the way, almost off with the story. Old Uncle yard and his friend the Admiral, owns one of the first limousines New York, are stock background acters. They drink, swear, compli-t the ladies, and reminisce about good old days, easily and with m as the last of the aristocrats ld.

Censored

▸ At a dinner in London, a visiting American and the English lady seated beside him were discussing the cordial relations existing between their respective countries.

"And to think," the American remarked, "that in 1812 we were deadly enemies. Why, the invading English destroyed many of our historic shrines and even burned Washington."

"My word!" the English woman exclaimed. "I knew we had burnt Joan of Arc, but I never heard that we had burnt Washington!"

—John R. Mansfield

No review could possibly cover the numerous characters, plus the assortment of horses, dogs, and sheep, the varied descriptions of snow scenes, mellow autumn woods, and warm June days that Mr. Edmonds has turned out with such infinite care. But this reviewer would give them all for just one honest portrait of a man or woman who saw the age for what it was; who saw himself, or herself, as part of it and was not afraid to chide its evident callous materialism.

ELIZABETH NUGENT.

THE SECOND HAPPIEST DAY

By John Phillips. 409 pages.
Harper. $3.75

Mr. Phillips sketches four young people —George Marsh III, wealthy and well born as is the glamorous Lila Norris. Chee Wee Gibbons, Lila's flamboyant social-climber friend, and the narrator of the novel, Gus Taylor, member of a respectable but impoverished New England family. Marsh, the paragon of the sophisticates, living up doggedly to the family "pattern," is drawn as a striking contrast to his "peasant" friend, Gus. The reader learns every phase of their existence, including their years at prep school, college, service in World War II, interspersed with the usual gin parties, night club jaunts, and trips to fashionable resorts, all climaxing in their tragic romance with the irresponsible Lila.

Dozens of characters pad out these scenes and afford satirical jibes at the institutions, social system, and the oldsters—parents, relatives, and friends —who strive to perpetuate them. "There they (the oldsters) stood in the shadowed part of the terrace. They talked among themselves and some were strutting wearily like old roosters, bewildered by the bejewelled flock of wives and ex-wives who babbled and plucked insistently at their sleeves. . . . They were all there, the survivors of their line, the Mohicans of Aiken and Tuxedo Park. Why did they call to us? Why did they wave?"

Precisely, *why?* This is an ever-recurring question throughout the novel. Why does evil in modern society persistently triumph, as Mr. Phillips shows that it does? He shies away from the answer. It is inevitable that as a budding satirist, he will be compared with his father, John P. Marquand, and also with F. Scott Fitzgerald and Evelyn Waugh. At present, he has least in common with Waugh. Unlike the latter, Mr. Phillips neglects the spiritual side of man and foregoes the brilliant forays that are possible in conflicts in the human soul between good and evil.

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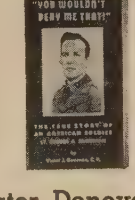

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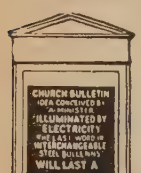

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SHORT NOTICES

WE SAW HER. By B. G. Sandhurst. 226 pages. Longmans. $3.00. *We Saw Her* is about Our Lady, St. Bernadette, and the people who followed her to the grotto of Lourdes during those wonderful weeks between February and July of 1858. Its best parts are based on the testimony gathered by a Father Cros, S.J., official ecclesiastical investigator into the apparitions. Supplementing this is material on the history and geography of the area.

The book, however, is a bit of a mixed blessing. Its author's high-flown literary style and weakness for pious conjecture reduce it at times from a document of pathos and simplicity to the level of the sugary spiritual reading prevalent at some ladies' retreats.

THE BURNING FLAME. By Francis Beauchesne Thornton. 216 pages. Benziger. $3.00. Giuseppe Sarto, the peasant who became Pope Pius X, was beatified in June, 1951. This simple man, who was always embarrassed by the pomp of his office, best refutes those who felt that his church was the vehicle by which a senile aristocracy hoped to perpetuate its power.

Father Thornton's popular biography is well written, although more space is devoted to surmise than to the great recorded events of the Blessed's papacy. Let us hope that devotion to Pius X will bear fruit in revival of the liturgical music he loved so dearly. It would please him and profit us.

THE SURPRISE. By G. K. Chesterton. 63 pages. Sheed & Ward. $1.50. An unusual and bewitching morality drama, this recently discovered play is easier to read than it would be to stage. In it Chesterton, who had complained that men had lost "the innocence of anger and surprise," fills that void with humor, sagacity, and a strong sense of the dramatic. It serves to underscore what many of his admirers have long felt, that G. K. might have become a master dramatist had he devoted time and attention to it. Whether his human characters have the stage in this two-act drama, or whether the play's penetrating puppet-poet is acting out his philosophical charade, this is a fascinating bit of theater writing. It can, and should, be read with profit and enjoyment.

NINE STORIES. By J. D. Salinger. 302 pages. Little, Brown. $3.00. An urbane collection of tickling yet sometimes penetrating short stories, Mr. Salinger's readable volume might well be termed a Damon Runyon's eyeview of middle and upper-middle class. though Salinger's New Yorkers are the Times Square variety, they are as indelibly homegrown whether finds them in restful Connecticut or spoiled Germany.

Characters are Salinger's forte he seems equipped to pull them out his literary hat forever. Even his portrayal of children, precocious or mally advanced, is fresh and startl but never brittle.

Although an April product, this the breeziness of March about it.

OUT OF NAZARETH. By Neil Kev 189 pages. McKay. In this day wh the Holy Scriptures are being re-writt with an open eye for motion pict appeal and a closed eye for the tru Father Kevin's book of scenes from t New Testament is at once a necess and a relief. The talented Maynoo professor has captured the simplicity the Gospels themselves. His writing deft, accurate, and instructive. His cha ters are useful for meditation built a foundation of fact, not pious fan The enemies of Christ insulted H friends with the taunt, "Can anythi good come out of Nazareth?" (Jol 1:46) Now His friends can see, a hear, and feel, under the guidance this gracious pen, the power and goo ness, which did come from that unlil liest of all sources.

THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC A MANAC. Compiled by Francisca Clerics. 807 pages. St. Anthony's Guil $2.50. Every year the Franciscan Cleri of Holy Name College, Washingto D. C., renew a claim on the gratitude the American Catholic public. Th are the researchers who track down an edit the astonishing amount of Cath lic-interest information which goes in the *Catholic Almanac*. Their selecti of publishable items is as laudable their industry in uncovering them. T result of their efforts is a volume who practical utility cannot be overe phasized. Most things of general i terest in ecclesiastical science and histo are included. Any secular event whic may have an important bearing on th life of the Church is recorded also. Th Almanac is an abbreviated encyclopedi For anyone who wants to be a well-i formed Catholic, or any non-Cathol who wants to have reliable informatio about the Church.

RECTITUDE. By Antonin Gilbe Sertillanges, O.P. 244 pages. McMulle $2.95. Following upon *Recollection* an *Kinships,* the English reading publ is now offered a third book of medit tions from the pen of this learned an gifted Dominican author. Like the pr

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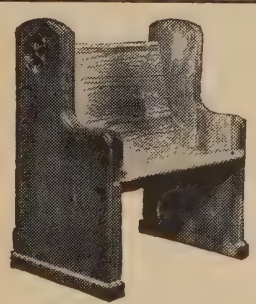

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ZORBA THE GREEK. By Nikos Kazantzakis. 311 pages. Simon & Schuster. $3.50. In its own highly individual way, this is an extremely interesting and enjoyable book. More in the tradition of *Don Quixote* or *Candide* than of the modern novel, the story is simply a loose-jointed series of episodes, in which the views of the two central characters—Zorba, an earthy Greek, and the narrator, a bookish philosopher—are discussed as the two of them exploit a mine in Crete. Yet, upon this fragile framework is woven a warm, humorous tale with an underlying note of mature wisdom. This is the sort of work that requires not only the art of the storyteller, but the sageness of the philosopher as well. The author agreeably shows that he has both.

THE DAUGHTER OF BUGLE ANN. By MacKinlay Kantor. 122 pages. Random House. $2.00. Purely shame on MacKinlay Kantor, who once wrote a dog story that was first in breed and first in show, that he has now whelped a contrived and mongrel tale of great Bugle Ann's offspring. All the freshness and simplicity of the story of eighteen years ago echoes as faintly even in the writing of this popularized tale as the far-off sounds of Bugle Ann's trumpet-calling when she had started a fox. The plot? It's purely unbelievable in a writer of integrity; for it is no more nor less than the worn and hackneyed account of how good old Kaintucky Belle won the race.

THE ANGRY ANGEL. By Lajos Zilahy. 375 pages. Prentice-Hall. $3.95. A sequel to *The Dukays,* which carries the chronicle of that aristocratic and fabulously feudal Hungarian family from 1939 until the immediate present. The particular protagonist of this book is the proletarian Mihlay Ursi, who married the Countess Zia. The floridity of Zilahy's style does not comport as well with the story of underground resistance to Nazi and then Communist rule of Hungary as it did with the earlier story of autocratic elegance. It gives misty unreality to Hungary's tragedy, about which there seems so little of the ponderous ornateness of the Victorian Gothic novels that would seem to be Zilahy's writing models.

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LETTERS

Seminary Hill

TORS OF THE SIGN:

fter reading in your February issue es Connolly's "Seminary Hill," a tale attempted Communist sabotage of the urch from within, I would now like ther story showing that Father An-ws is the exception—not, thank God, in saintliness, but in his inability to pene-e appearances. It seems to me that vhere could a "phony" be spotted cker than in a seminary. Such a one uld betray himself a hundred times a to the experienced director. The ituality of the seminary cannot be ulated.

is well to win over our enemies ough love, as Father Andrews did, but us make them understand from the be-ning that we are not easily duped.

VIOLA M. MONAGHAN

v YORK, N. Y.

Father Libermann

TORS OF THE SIGN:

wish to thank you for your kindness in ning the article on Father Libermann in March issue of THE SIGN. I had gone the complete manuscript to date, writ-by Mrs. Homan, and we deeply appreci-your courtesy of publishing this section ner work. We hope that through the licity thus provided it will bring the ntion of the Catholic public to the book e published this year.

FRANCIS H. MCGLYNN, C.S.SP.
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"St. Patrick's Day!"

TORS OF THE SIGN:

oran Hurley's story, "St. Patrick's Day the Morning," was delightful—more er to him. Bryan MacMahon seems to w the pattern of so many modern ers—it's not hard to detect his jibes at he doesn't add anything to THE SIGN.

MARY O'DOHERTY

EST HILLS, N. Y.

TORS OF THE SIGN:

ertainly the Irish readers of THE SIGN be pleased with "St. Patrick's Day in Morning," and "Red Petticoat," in the ch issue. They represent a very good ary tribute to St. Patrick.

The Sign Post" for March appealed to particularly did I like the questions ing with a week-end retreatant's omary offering, and whether high em-ment agency fees are sinful. Both these

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this world needs at times. However, th fact of the matter is the conditions the describe are, I'm sorry to say, the absolu truth. You see, it was many years ag when I, too, sang, "And Baby Mak Three," much more than five years. We ca call Ed Mack Miller's hand without bluf ing in seven card stud, with *three Jack and four Queens.* As for telegrams, we di not rate them, but were we passed up wit those wise quips? I'll say not. Ours can in the form of *"straight from the shoulde advice."* We would like very much t congratulate Mr. Miller and his goo wife on doing a swell job and to en courage them to continue so doing an ignore all outside interference.

LEO F. PETERMA

PINE LAWN, MISSOURI.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

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MRS. RUSSELL MCAULIFF

FOXBORO, MASS.

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Our children are several years older than the Millers' family, our oldest, being eleven

Please thank him again.

VERNE TILLEY

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

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UTICA, NEW YORK.

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one who reads the article omitting ast paragraph, the picture is not of ɔility: the truth is that "the Cabinet t be called an executive committee of National Assembly," which owns the e reality of power. The sentence "It d be emphasized that the fall of a net and its replacement by a new net do not constitute anything like the ge of administration that can take in the U. S. . . . if one party replaces ner in power", stressed on the contrary fundamental stability of the French m of government.

ne thing that confuses foreign diplo- who fail to realize, as the author of article has realized, that the Cabinet t the government, but only the execu- committee of the real power, is that, they have at long last obtained con- ons from a French minister, he is in- ly put out of office, and the conces- are gone with him. That is because ad no right to make them in the first e. You may call it stubbornness, but inly instability is not the word.

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ORS OF THE SIGN:

ave just read the article in your maga- "Canada, The Big Middle Power." I eeply impressed that a person of an- country should write so truthfully of

BERNEL DEGRACE

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ORS OF THE SIGN:

eel compelled, as a Canadian, to send rd of congratulation to you and to uthor of the article "Canada, the Big le Power." A man will not see every uch an impartial study of the situation. e article commands my attention, too, he fact that M. Wright seems to have a victim to a weakness that I have to re in myself all too often. I mean the f a word or expression that will not e in the mind of the reader the exact one wishes to propound. I fear this at happened to the author when he "Canada needs a history of her

ubtlessly, a nation that has lived gh three centuries and fought several at home and abroad has events to d.

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Perhaps Our Lord is calling you to serve Him. The Passionist Sisters are a Congregation of trained Social Workers and Educators, affiliated with the Passionist Fathers. The Novitiate for the United States is at Mt. St. Joseph, Bristol, R. I.

For particulars apply to the
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A Religious Community of Missionary Sisters, Trained Catechists and Professional Social Workers. Central Mission House: 328 West 71st Street, New York City.

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Devote their lives to the care of orphans and the aged, to nursing the sick in hospitals and the teaching of youth. The Community enjoys the privilege of Perpetual Adoration, combining the active and contemplative life.

Address MOTHER SUPERIOR

The Missionary Sisters of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus

devote their lives to teaching, nursing, and caring for the aged and orphans in the home and foreign missions. Does the Sacred Heart call you to serve Him in this Congregation? Write to

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HEALTH of the SICK
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REV. MOTHER M. ANGELINE TERESA, O. CARM.
St. Teresa's Motherhouse, Avila on the Hudson, Germantown, N. Y.

This, therefore, leaves only one poi "a history of her *own*." The heroic dee recorded by Canadians will constitute t history of what country? It is true th Canada has been under French and th British rule; but does this prevent Can dian events from belonging to Canadi history?

BRO. JEAN-DENIS, S.
BATHURST, N.B., CANADA

"*. . . An Incredible Story*"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

As a Catholic of one of the Eastern Rit I particularly enjoyed Jim Bishop's "List to an Incredible Story." However, M Bishop is probably unaware that Easte Catholics resent being referred to as U ates. It is a term looked upon with d favor by the Holy See, since it is roneously used as a name for a Catho belonging to an Eastern Rite. It is a te in disrepute and should not be used.

MARY ANN SAYE
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Family Magazine

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

During February, the Catholic Pr month, the Women's Organizations of parish had a "Catholic Magazine Excha Table." I brought home a copy of T SIGN, and immediately voted it to be "o magazine from now on. It seems to be ideal magazine for our family, consisting six children, with two boys and two g in high school.

MRS. FELIX WE
PARK FALLS, WIS.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Ever since I first saw your magazine El Retiro, our Jesuit retreat house, I h been determined to always have it in home. My wife and I have five child of ages 1½ years to 13, and we can tru fully say THE SIGN with its stories, ra and television news, current events, other sections, really interests all of us. seems to me to be a modern, vigorous, t fisted magazine, but also a reverent an humble one. We approve of it!

R. W. LAINE & FAM
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

"*Conservatism*"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I believe the short stories and section sports are just a waste of paper. I k that it is a magazine for the family as such has to cater to the family a whole, but as I am single, I find much the magazine which has no interest for

Also, I have noticed a tendency in past year or so for you to sort of toward the Conservatives in matters po cal and economic. Some of your critic of the Democratic Administration were tirely uncalled for—and it is a cons enigma to me how anyone with a de Christian philosophy—or should I say believing in the radicalism of Christ go along with any administration mad of such as the present one is. I hope to they don't do too much harm within next few years—but only time will tell

EDGAR FO
UPPER DARBY, PA.